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Ruggiero Ricci

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ON THE COVER: Ruggiero Ricci, whose unaccompanied recital on London is reviewed by A.R. on page 718

The Music of Asia

By WILLIAM L. PURCELL

From high above Angkor Thom, in Cambodia, this massive "face-tower" of Bayon — The Mountain of Temples — has looked down inscrutably since the last days of the Khmer Kingdom (12th-13th century)



Part Three—

Indonesia, Southeast

Asia, and the Philippines

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, while on the first voyage around the world by an Englishman, tells in the log of his ship, the "Golden Hind", of a visit to Java in March of 1580. During the 15 days of his stay he heard the native music which, although very strange to the ears of this admiral of Queen Elizabeth, he found to be "pleasant and delightfull".* And so this music has proved for the many Westerners since that time who, like Colin McPhee and John Coast, may have lived for a time on Java or Bali or who, like Debussy with the Paris Exhibition of 1889, may have heard a *gamelan* orchestra in his own country or, like many others, know this wonderful and unique art through the medium of recordings.

Successive races have left their imprint upon the music of Indonesia but the two main elements are 1) the Malays, or Indonesians, a brown-skinned people who settled on the islands of the archipelago 3,000 or 4,000 years ago, and 2) the Papuans, or aborigines of Oceanic Negroid descent who are prevalent in New Guinea and the Moluccas Islands. Indonesian music is thus primarily either Malayan or Papuan. The geographical area has been populated probably since the advent of man and it will be recalled that it was in

Java that the femur, teeth, and skullcap of *Pithecanthropus erectus* were discovered by Dr. Eugene Dubois in 1891. In the early centuries A.D. the Hindus settled in Southeast Asia, dominated that part of the world, interbred with the native peoples, and extended to them the fruits of Indian civilization. The Chinese also, to a slight extent, settled in Java and Bali and left traces of their culture on the native arts. The most catastrophic invasion, however, occurred when Islam—a religion whose history almost matches that of Christianity in violence and intolerance—descended upon Java, destroyed the Hindu-Javanese Empire in 1478, and forced the upper class to flee to Bali, where they took refuge and preserved their native literature, arts, and music as well as Hinduist religion and customs from the fanatical Mohammedans. The Dutch arrived with Christianity in the 17th century.

In spite of the dominant role of Hindu culture in Java and Bali, the music of these two islands is entirely different from that of India proper, as is also the case with Javano-Balinese music and that of present-day China. Although the music of the Far East has common characteristics which point to a central origin in the remote past, the diversity of contemporary practice finds India the seat of chamber music, one type of orchestra in China and

*Kunst, Jaap: *Music in Java*. 2nd ed. The Hague, Nijhoff, 1948, Vol. I, p. 5.

Oriental music is only one of the many areas of music that engage the interest of Mr. Purcell, who is by day Librarian of the

Wistar Institute of Anatomy and Biology on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania. This article is the third in a series.



See
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Japan, and another general type in Thailand, Burma, Cambodia, Java, and Bali. The orchestra of Java and Bali, the *gamelan*, is made up of 25 (more or less) instruments which are mostly idiophones and membranophones—gongs, metallophones, xylophones, rattles, cymbals, and drums—that together have a range of over seven octaves. Around 7,000 of these orchestras exist in Bali, and 17,000 in Java, with players who are non-professionals and participate in spare time from their regular occupations but are nevertheless often highly accomplished musicians. The *gamelans* are not uniform in constitution of instruments included and type of music played, but are of various types depending upon their purpose. There are about 15 kinds of orchestras. Of these some give general concerts; others play at funerals and cremations; some accompany drama, or processions, or dance.

Two scale types are used in Javanese and Balinese music, *pélog* (pentatonic with two semitones), which is the older and was introduced by the Proto-Malay people who are the ancestors of the present Javanese and Balinese, and *sléndro* (pentatonic without semitones), which came in around the 8th century A.D. and was named for the Sailendra or Indian dynasty that ruled Java from the 8th to the 10th century. The *pélog* system predominates in Bali, while the *sléndro* scale is found most often in Central and East Java.

Rhythm is sometimes simple and regular, as a 4/4 pattern, but mostly complex and irregular, with intricate designs. Harmony, if it exists at all as a

conscious device of musical expression, is limited to simple chords. Java possessed no system of notation until about a century ago, while Bali has had a rudimentary notation for pitch consisting of vowel symbols for the five notes of the scale. Notation is unnecessary so long as the cultural tradition remains uninterrupted and musicians prefer to learn by memory.

The orchestra leader, the drummer, is generally the composer who elaborates new music and teaches it to his musicians. Each piece has a name, and works are based on valid principles of formal organization. In the 15 to 30 minutes required for playing the average orchestral work, there are at least four divisions of structure which consist of themes and their development. Polyphonic devices are well-known. The principal melody, or *cantus firmus*, may be played on the metallophones with a counter theme performed on kettle gongs, while other instruments provide arabesques and the deep-toned gongs mark off divisions of the composition.

It is obvious that this complex percussion orchestra is difficult to record and that even the most advanced techniques of engineering are somewhat less able to cope with it than with our Western orchestras. Stereophonic sound offers the best promise of a closer approach to facsimile copy, and yet there are no stereo recordings on the market so far. Indeed, no monophonic records of the *gamelan* orchestra have been issued in the past few years. The Columbia and Westminster records (the latter now deleted) are very good, but we look forward to hearing recorded *gamelan* music with the more realistic sound that stereophony affords.

BALI

Orchestral. The most famous Balinese *gamelan* to be heard on records is that of Pliatan associated in recent years with John Coast, who took it on tour of the United States and Europe in 1952. Coast, an Englishman, was taken prisoner by the Japanese in World War II and while interned in camp he became interested in Javanese music and dancing. After the War he joined the Indonesian Nationalists



The "star" of the Tabanan Palace Gamelan, Mario, performing the Igel Terompong. On page 702, I Wajan Begeg, leader of the Gamelan. This is the group that was brought to the United States in 1957. (Photos courtesy Columbia Artists Management)

in their fight for independence, and when this cause was won John Coast settled in Bali with a Javanese wife and devoted his energies to restoring the glory of the Pliatan *gamelan*. The present superb recordings were made at the Winter Garden theater in London during the British tour, and in New York by Columbia when the *gamelan* was at the Fulton theater.* Among the outstanding selections recorded are *Kapi Raja* (Westminster XWN-2209 or 201, and Columbia ML-4618), a short fantasy that alternates full *gamelan* with passages for the *réong* (horizontal gong-chime), for the *jublags* (one octave metallophone), for the drums, and for the *gangsa* (two octave metallophone). *Gambangan*, the modern version of ancient funeral music, is heard on the Sekaha *Anklung* of Sayan, South Bali (Columbia SL-210), on the Pliatan *gamelan* (XWN-2209 and ML-4618), and on a piano played four hands by Colin McPhee and Benjamin Britten (Schirmer Set 17).

Some types of *gamelan* represented on records are *gamelan gong*, or large *gamelan*, as that of Pliatan and in the Gabor dance (SL-210), and *Lagu Kebiar* (Decca "Music of the Orient"); the *gamelan anklung* (*anklung* being a rattle-like instrument consisting of hollow bamboo tubes shaken in a frame) which we find in *Oleg* (XWN-2209), *Berong Pengetjet* ("Music of the Orient"), and *Anklungan* (ML-4618); the *gamelan batel* (percussive group of cymbals, gongs, and drum) in *Ende* (XWN-2209); the *gamelan djogéd* (xylophone and drums) ("Music of the

Orient"); and the *gamelan gambuh* (*rebab* [bowed instrument], *suling gdé* [flute], small cymbals, drums, and 2 *kemanaks* [cylindrical brass cymbals]) which is found on SL-210. Instrumental music was meant to accompany the dance, and in *Polayol* (Period SPL-1613) is a dancing lesson given to children with the music of metallophones and drums.

One of the outstanding students of Balinese music is the Canadian composer Colin McPhee*, who made a transcription for two pianos, four hands, of "Balinese Ceremonial Music" (Schirmer, 1940), and recorded this music with Benjamin Britten, together with three further selections, on a set of 78 r.p.m. records also issued by Schirmer in the 1940s.

Solo Instruments. *Genong*, a piece for the Jaw's harp, is given in two recordings (SPL-1613 and SL-210), and in *Suling Gdé* (SL-210), the end-blown six-hole flute is presented as a solo.

Vocal and Choral. An agricultural song from Iseh is found on SPL-1613. *Kekawin* (SL-210) is a male solo from Ubud sung in *kawi*, the ancient language of Bali and Java. *Djanger "Putih putih saput anduk"*, a sitting dance composed in 1925, is sung by a chorus of men and women accompanied by a *rebab* and drum ("Music of the Orient").

Dramatic. Operatic music takes the form of the regular lyric drama similar to that of China and Japan. One excerpt is available for study, *Peperangan Sira Pandji* (Folkways P406), that gives a

*An interesting account of work with the Pliatan *gamelan* has been written by John Coast in his book, *Dancers in Bali*, published in New York by Putnam in 1953.

*Colin McPhee's Symphony No. 2, "Pastoral", of Balinese inspiration, was published in 1959 on records as Louisville 59-2. His book, *A House in Bali*, New York, John Day Co., 1946, is an account of experiences on the island.

recitative dialogue accompanied by muted *gamelan*. Much dramatic music accompanies the dance and we have important sections of the *Léong* that goes with the dance *Lasem* that relates the capture of Princess Langkasari by King Lasem (XWN-2209 and ML-4618). The *Gamboeh* is an ancient type of dance drama that survives only in the village of Batoean, South Bali. An excerpt is sung in *kawi* accompanied by a *gamelan* consisting of *rebab*, *suling*, *kendang*, *kendongs* (metal drums), and *kempuls* (gongs) in RCA Victor LM-6057.

The most distinctive type of dramatic music is for the shadow play (*wayang kulit*), so called because leather puppets are manipulated between a lamp and a screen in such a way that shadows are cast on the screen in front of which the audience is seated. The director of the marionettes, the *dalang*, tells the story—some episode from the *Ramayana* or *Mahabharata*—and indicates rhythms for the music with a toe hammer. The shadow play is folk drama, a medium of education, entertainment, moral uplift, and amusement, but it also reaches a higher level of art by its symbolism. It is accompanied by a small orchestra, the *gender wayang*, and represented on several records ("Music of the Orient", ML-4618, SL-210 and SPL-1613).

JAVA

The leading modern authority on Indonesian music, Dr. Jaap Kunst—whose death last December deprived the world of one of its half-dozen greatest musicologists—has given us the valuable record in the Columbia folk music series in which he describes in English the structure of the Javanese *gamelan* with illustrations on the Babar Layar orchestra (SL-210). Other Javanese *gamelan* selections occur on Folkways P-406 and on a series of old Decca 78 r.p.m. records. The *gamelan* of the Kraton Court in Jogjakarta is heard in *Kinanti Madumurti*, sung by a male and female voice ("Music of the Orient"). Another important work in this Hornbostel anthology is *Gamelan Sléndro*, "Sekar Gadung", sung by male and female voice accompanied by the Court *gamelan* of Prince Pakoe Alam



Above, a battery of the primitive Anklung Bambu, one of ancient Bali's oldest instruments; the music is made by shaking it like a rattle. Below, a brace of old-fashioned Balinese reongs, which are a sort of horizontal gong-chime.



of Jogjakarta. One of the most beautiful songs in world music comes from Java and is given under different names on three of the records. It is a Sundanese love song in which a woman tells of her sorrow upon being separated from her lover. The recorded versions are a) *Kembang Mas*, sung by a singer named Mardularas with *gamelan* Kangjeng Kjahi Mangunseh (SL-210), b) *Udan Mas*, female voice with a *suling* and *katjapi* ("Music of the Orient")—perhaps the most beautiful rendition, and c) *Udan Iris*, a woman's voice accompanied by the *katjapi* (zither) in Folkways P-406.

SUMATRA

Three examples of Sumatran music are given on Folkways P-406: *Ile-Ile*, Batak music of the pre-Hindu period, played on a xylophone-like instrument and the *hawar-hawar* (split cymbal); *Tari Piring Sadang Lawas*, a plate dance; and *Tumba Lela-Lelan*, a children's piece sung by children.

BORNEO

From high Oriental culture comes a transition to the folk culture of the nature peoples of Borneo, New Guinea, and the Moluccas. There is an example of a primitive type of *gamelan* recorded on one band of Folkways set FE-4507. This Borneo *gamelan* is made up exclusively of a small number of tuned percussion instruments and the music played is less developed than that of Bali and Java. A still earlier stage in the evolution of the *gamelan* is found in the Kalintangan, or series of tuned small brass gongs, played by the Nabai Murut Tribe of North Borneo and by the Timogun Muruts, FE-4459. The Penihing and Busang tribes of the Dayak people of Kalimantan live in an obscure mountain region and, until recently, enjoyed the pleasures of head-hunting. Gilbert Rouget's Period anthology (SPL-1612) is devoted to selec-

tions of the music of these tribes, such as *Monghosan*, in which we hear the bamboo trumpets of a party of successful head-hunters who, upon returning from the forest, are greeted by the men of the village who sing in chorus accompanied by trumpets and drums. Other pieces include songs by *shamans*, rice-cutting songs, war songs, head-hunting dances, and the music of the *koroni*, or vertical bamboo flute, the emotional effect of which is so potent on the Dayaks that it is said to provoke head-hunts and for this reason had to be banned.

EASTERN NEW GUINEA and MOLUCCAS

Examples of music from this part of the world are presented in the Columbia album (SL-210) and give us an idea of the Papuan style of Indonesian music.

SOUTHEAST ASIA MALAYA

The Malayan peninsula is noted for some of the world's most primitive music, such as that of the Malacca tribes not represented on records. The Temiar people who inhabit the Malayan jungles at Grik, a village in upper Perak, are the subject of a Folkways disc, P-460. Temiar dream songs are said to be inspired by the spirits of nature, of ancestors, etc., who appear to the priest, or *hala*, in a trance or dream and give him spiritual guidance for his people in the form of songs. It is intriguing to imagine the fine disdain for the "savage" culture of the Temiar people that would be exhibited by, say, the typical reader of *Reader's Digest* or *Life*, and yet is the *Kitsch-and-gadgets* culture of modern America closer to realities than the life of this nature people?

BURMA

Coming again to high Oriental civilization, Burmese music sounds more like that of China than that of India from which country Burmese culture is principally derived. The Folkways records, P-436 and P-423, provide at least an introduction to the music of this land. We hear the orchestra of Sein Be Dar, Court musician to the last two kings of Burma, and the orchestra consists of a drum-circle, gong-circle, oboe, flute, gong-frame, bass drum, cymbals, clappers and bells



Above, the G'nder Quartet for the Wayang Kulit (Shadow Play). Below, the celebrated Gamelan of Pliatan recorded on Columbia and Westminster; Anak Agung, conductor, is in the foreground. (Pliatan photo by Denis de Marney)



(P-436). Solo instruments and groups of instruments are presented as the Burmese harp, Burmese xylophone, drum-circle, gong-frame, royal drums, Shive-bo drums, short drums and pot drums (P-436). There is an excerpt from the Buddhist liturgy intoned by an unaccompanied male voice (P-423), an ancient barge song played on 22 brass gongs, tenor oboe, small drums, and large brass gong (P-436), and a war song, *Kar Gyun*, the oldest song in Burmese music, said to date from the 11th century when the great capital city, Pagan, flourished (P-436), together with folk and art songs, and theater music (P-423). An example of Burmese comic opera in the classic tradition at least two centuries old is found in a cut on a new Folkways release, FE-4508. A tenor, accompanied by an orchestra, sings a very beautiful "aria" of a rhythmic irregularity and complexity that would excite the envy of a Stravinsky; this is Asian music at its finest, the "*Meistersinger*" or "*Cosi Fan Tutte*" of the East.

THAILAND (SIAM)

There are four general styles of Thai music that follow the cultural and geographical division of the country into North, Northeast, Central, and South. Orchestras are found chiefly in the Central region, the highest developed musically, and are classified into two main kinds, 1) *mahari*, composed of soft-toned instruments largely strings that are best adapted for indoor playing, and 2) *peepat*, made up of loud-toned instruments, such as drums, gongs, xylophones, and oboes, that are suitable for outdoor ceremonies and festivals. *Laodungdoen* (FE-4463), a song with orchestral accompaniment, is a specimen of the *mahari* style, while *peepat* music is represented by *Rotchanasanglaung*, or dance drama with voices and orchestra (FE-4463), and by two pieces played by the Bang Khun Phrom Palace Orchestra (P-423). Further examples of music from the four parts of Siam are to be found on FE-4463. The "Music of the Orient" set provides us with a scene from Siamese music-drama dealing with the Rama legend, and another selection from classic music-drama with a male singer accompanied by a *renet* (cradle-

shaped xylophone), a high- and low-bowed instrument, and metallic percussion, is found on one band of Folkways set, FE-4506. Music for the shadow play in the *angtalung* style of southern Thailand is included in FE-4463.

CAMBODIA

The orchestras of Cambodia are not so far available on records. This country is represented by only one song, a lullaby, in which the voice is accompanied by a *kloie* (bamboo flute) and *tchoung* (cymbals) on LM-6057.

VIET NAM (ANNAM)

Music of this country derives mostly from China in its style. A folk song for woman's voice (P-423), a solo on the "butterfly harp"—a stringed instrument struck by small bamboo hammers held in the hands (FE-4506)—and a little record of charming popular songs on the French label Chant du Monde (LDY-4.046), are the extent at present of recorded representation of the music of Viet Nam.

LAOS (TONGKING)

This country is again prevailingly Chinese in musical derivation. There are available on discs a recitation from an old play, *Hue Van* (P-423), some popular theater music (P-423), a love song (P-423), a bargeman song played on the *khen* (a type of panpipes, or mouth organ) (LM-6057), an old dance played by the *khen*, two fiddle-like instruments, flute, gong, and struck metal disc (LM-6057), and a folk song, *Thoum*, sung with instrumental accompaniment (LM-6057).

PHILIPPINES

Folkways has given us a splendidly produced album of music of the Hanunoo, a pagan people who live in the jungle and hills of Mindoro—seventh largest island of the Philippines. This excellent record of tribal songs and instruments is accompanied by a valuable 20-page booklet with notes on the cultural background of the people, Hanunoo recordings, notes on the music, photographs, musical examples and bibliography. The value of the Folkways series to students of music and anthropology can never be overstressed in its dual virtue of recording little-known music in process of destruc-

tive alteration by contact with our Industrial Age and by providing detailed scholarly documentation to go with each record. Folkways P-466 is one of the finest examples of this wonderful series. A later Folkways release, FW-8791, sung by Luz Morales, consists of rather innocuous songs of no special distinction. The two Monitor records of the Bayanihan Company are of negative value as a warning of what can happen to a native music in contact with our very different European system. For the most part the selections are Spanish salon music; those

that are of native derivation are so slick as to sound like something concocted by a Hollywood composer as background to a motion picture about "savages". These two records have nothing to do with Asian music and can serve no other purpose than entertainment for the semi-musical listener who finds the Brahms E minor Symphony tough going. These remarks are equally true of the Capitol record. When an Asian people finds the polka a congenial mode of expression, it is obvious that native musical culture has been hopelessly ruined.

A Discography

Indonesia, Southeast Asia, and the Philippines

INDONESIA

Indonesian Music [Columbia World Library of Folk & Primitive Music] Edited with Notes and Photographs by Jaap Kunst, Indische Museum, Amsterdam. 12", 33 r.p.m. Columbia KL-210
Music of Indonesia. 12", 33 r.p.m. Folkways P-406
Music of Bali. Notes and Photographs by Colin McPhee. Gamelan Orchestra from Pliatan. 2-12", 33 r.p.m. Westminster XWN-2209
Dancers of Bali. Gamelan Orchestra from Pliatan. Notes by Colin McPhee. 12", 33 r.p.m. Columbia ML-4618
Music of Bali. Edited under direction of Gilbert Rouget, *Musée de l'Homme*. 12", 33 r.p.m. Period SPL-1613
Music of Bali. Transcribed by Colin McPhee. Recorded by Colin McPhee (piano), Benjamin Britten (piano), and Georges Barrère (flute). 3-10", 78 r.p.m. Schirmer Set No. 17

Javanese Gamelan Gong Records. 3-10", 78 r.p.m. Decca 20133-34, 20138
Music of Head-Hunters of Borneo. Edited under direction of Gilbert Rouget, *Musée de l'Homme*. 12", 33 r.p.m. Period SPL-1612

Murut Music of North Borneo. Recorded by Ivan Polunin. 12", 33 r.p.m. Folkways FE-4459
Borneo. In "Music of World's Peoples". Vol. 4. Folkways FE-4507
Music of the Orient. Edited by E. M. Von Hornbostel. 12-10" 78 r.p.m. & 24-page booklet. Side 8-10, Java; 11-15, Bali; 16, Siam. Decca & Parlophone; also 2-12", 33 r.p.m. Decca DX-107
History of Music in Sound, Vol. I. 2-12", 33 r.p.m. Side 2—Cambodia, Laos, Bali. RCA Victor LM-6057

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Music of Southeast Asia. 12", 33 r.p.m. Folkways P-423
Thailand & Viet Nam. In "Music of World's Peoples". Vol. 3 Folkways FE-4506
Temiari Dream Music of Malaya. 12", 33 r.p.m. Folkways P-460
Music of Thailand. 12", 33 r.p.m. Folkways FE-4463
Chansons Populaires du Viet-Nam. 7", 33 r.p.m. Chant du Monde LDY-4.046
Burmese Folk & Traditional Music. 12", 33 r.p.m. Folkways P-436
Burma—*Aw Ba Thaung* (Excerpt from Comic Opera). In "Music of World's Peoples". Vol. 5. Folkways FE-4508

PHILIPPINES

Hanunóo Music from the Philippines. 12", 33 r.p.m. Folkways P-466
Folk Songs of Philippines (Luz Morales). 12", 33 r.p.m. Folkways FW-8791
Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company. 2-12", 33 r.p.m. Monitor MF-322, MF-330; ⑧MFS-322, ⑧MFS-330
Philippine Folk Music (Gonzales, N.) Capitol T-10233; ⑧ST-10233

Our European correspondent, George Louis Mayer, happened to be in London for the Covent Garden "Fidelio". His appraisal of this production, and of Miss Jurinac in particular, differs interestingly from the views of our regular London correspondent Michael Marcus, whose dispatch begins on page 710. Both differ interestingly with the ideas of Herbert Glass, whose case for the recent Vox reissue of Boehm's performance I have placed in proper proximity on page 711.

—Ed.



The Act I finale of "Fidelio" at Covent Garden. Left to right, foreground: Gottlob Frick as Rocco, Hans Hotter as Don Pizarro, John Dobson as Jaquino, Sena Jurinac as Leonore, and Elsie Morison as Marzelline. Photo: Houston Rogers

Klemperer's "Fidelio"

By GEORGE LOUIS MAYER

LONDON

HOW RARE it is in a major opera house these days, at the end of a performance featuring a famous international cast, to have the audience save its most enthusiastic applause and heartiest bravos for the conductor. When the opera is Beethoven's "Fidelio" and the conductor is Otto Klemperer it is bound to be so. For Klemperer is fairly generally acknowledged to be the greatest Beethoven conductor working today. While Klemperer's association with this score goes back to Hamburg during the 1912-13 season, this was his first appearance in a London theater and these performances at Covent Garden in late February and early March were the first he has conducted in any opera house for a number of years. Announcements of his operatic performances in Europe and America during the past few seasons have all been followed by cancellations due to poor health.

Whenever a great conductor is announced for "Fidelio" performances, interest mounts and the occasion takes on the stature of an artistic event. However, Klemperer is something more special still. His performances of Beethoven's works in concert and on recordings in the past decade have proved him to be

a conductor of an almost dead tradition capable of performances of rare musicality and of interpretative genius. Thus these London performances promised even more. It is perhaps not too much to say that these were historic performances which will undoubtedly be chronicled along with the best performances Beethoven's opera has received during our time.

An historic performance does not necessarily mean a perfect performance and this was no exception. It did, however, aim at perfection, and the over-all level came very close indeed. One of the weaknesses was that Klemperer both directed and conducted the opera. The dual role of conductor-director is a challenging one and one which few if any have ever completely satisfactorily fulfilled. In addition, Klemperer's work as conductor-director dates from the 1920s during his history-making affiliation with the Kroll Opera in Berlin. He both conducted and directed performances of "Fidelio" there in 1927. Operatic production has changed drastically since those days, mostly because of a few directors of genius who have revolutionized production and raised it to an art of its own. One suspects that Klemperer insisted on both directing and conducting mainly to assure himself that the stage business

would in no way interfere with or go against his musical ideas about the score. He therefore, assisted by Christopher West, devised a simple, static, and mildly stylized production free from dramatic excesses of any kind. The stage action was never allowed to take one's interest away from the score and from the often miraculous things that were going on in the pit. It was not an undramatic performance, but the drama inherent in the score was given preference and made to speak with its own considerable power without undue production emphasis.

The strategic dungeon scene fortunately did come off both visually and musically. In a way it seemed even more tension-filled than usual merely because the first act had been a bit tame and the performance had been allowed to build but gradually to this crucial scene.

As conductor, Klemperer was supreme master of the proceedings. There were moments of less than complete control but they were rare and were more than compensated for by the stature of the performance as a whole as well as by moments of sheer musical magic. His reading was in a classic mold, completely free from romantic excesses and personal eccentricities. What he gave us was pure Beethoven with all its strength and glory.

Balance, consistency, clarity, and unity were the main virtues of Klemperer's performance. The phrasing throughout was a model of great musicianship. Dynamics were surely calculated from a pure *piano* to a true *forte* with everything in between carefully measured. The singers were completely audible at all times and obbligato wind passages were perfectly scaled to the dynamic level of the different voices. *Tempi* were somewhat slower than customarily heard in this fast-moving postwar world but such that the music was never once allowed to lag or to seem slow. Klemperer knows how to create musical tension without resorting to speed or volume—a gift possessed by only the greatest of musicians. While rhythmic accents were crisp and clear it was Klemperer's full realization of the inner pulse of the score which gave the performance such life and vitality. One

measure grew surely and logically out of the one before and led just as surely into the one following. It was obvious that Klemperer conceived this mighty work as one gigantic structure and fit every measure into its proper relationship to this creation as a whole.

No amount of pure musicianship expended on "*Fidelio*", no matter how great, can make it come off unless it is coupled with sincerity and conviction. And it was this which gave Klemperer's performance its greatness. In far too many performances the opera ends with the dungeon scene, the finale which follows being a musical jumble of clumsy chorral singing, strained solo singing, and loud orchestral rumblings. The Covent Garden performances were perfectly poised musically and so sincerely expressed emotionally that this scene became a profoundly moving experience.

The cast featured three completely realized musical and dramatic performances of greatness: the Rocco of Gottlob Frick, the Don Pizarro of Hans Hotter, and the Florestan of Jon Vickers. The Jaquino and Marzelline of John Dobson and Elsie Morison were expertly and delightfully sung and played and the Don Fernando of Forbes Robinson was excellent. Sena Jurinac, however, was not to my mind an ideal Leonore. These were her first performances of this taxing role and she seemed somewhat miscast and inexperienced.

While there is no denying that Jurinac is a sensitive and intelligent artist and that she brought these assets into play, the role did seem to tax her capacities enough so that she frequently seemed preoccupied with purely vocal and musical matters and that at such moments she failed to sustain a consistent characterization. Nor does the role show her voice to best advantage. One feels that she was striving too often for an unnecessarily big sound. This didn't seem indicated, for her production is of the finest and Klemperer never allowed his orchestra to surge with unnecessary volume. Her voice never became strident, but harshness did creep in. Dramatically, she had her moments, but only inconsistently did

she suggest the smoldering passion of the true Leonore. Hers was a very feminine Leonore. She was at her best in asides when she could show the strain her task was causing her, and least convincing at the powerful moments of passionate resolve to carry out her mission whatever the risk or the cost. I heard the last two performances of the season, and in the last Jurinac did give a more consistently convincing portrayal and seemed more comfortable in the music. She obviously grows with each performance. One does wonder, however, if she should be encouraged to continue to sing this taxing role. It is always uncomfortable to hear a great and cherished artist overtaxing herself.

Klemperer used much more of the dialogue than one customarily hears in performances today. Jurinac did match the rest of the cast in delivering it in exemplary style and making it convincing.

While Gottlob Frick has often seemed less than fully convincing in the great Mozart and Wagner roles despite his magnificent voice, Rocco seemed to bring out all the best in him. He was completely at home with Rocco and gave a richly characterized as well as vocally sumptuous performance. Except for a few high sustained notes which wavered majestically, Hans Hotter was fully up to the vocal de-

mands of Don Pizarro and dramatically, as anyone who has seen this artist at work would expect, he was superb. The economical means with which he etches his characterizations are those of a truly great artist. Jon Vickers' Florestan, already familiar in America, had to tone down his histrionics in a production of this type, but his performance did not suffer from being played in a lower key. Vocally, it is a great performance.

The sets of Hainer Hill, similar to those he produced for the Staatsoper in East Berlin a number of years ago, were generally effective, and his last scene is truly distinguished.

Covent Garden has every reason to be proud of its achievement with this "Fidelio". Its chorus sang beautifully and its orchestra played brilliantly. Special praise must go to the wind players—especially the horns—for solo passages of great beauty.

One hopes that the recording companies will not neglect to preserve Klemperer's "Fidelio". With Toscanini and Furtwängler, Klemperer is the only conductor in our time who has had something special to say about this score. Of the three, my preference goes to Klemperer. It would be a pity not to have his performance on records after the other two were awarded complete recordings of this great score.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND

LONDON

IT SEEMS that at least once every season the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, has a sell-out on its hands. In the last three years, Callas in "Traviata" and "Medea" and Schwarzkopf in "Rosenkavalier" have had the "Sold Out" notices on the boards long before the performances took place. This year it has been Klemperer's "Fidelio". Not only has the veteran German musician conducted for the first time at Covent Garden, but he has also produced the opera.

If the first critical acclaim was not quite so rapturous as was perhaps ex-

pected, subsequent evaluations have led to the defense of Klemperer's approach to Beethoven's masterpiece. It is difficult to judge the value or profundity of some of these comments when at least two of my colleagues make it a cardinal point of their approach that it was Mahler who first interpolated the *Leonore No. 3* between the two scenes of the second act, a fact which I had long thought to be generally known to be untrue.

For my own part I felt that the performance, despite its length—over three hours—was typical of Klemperer. The score was beautifully laid out and pre-

sented with refreshing clarity that gave full prominence to Beethoven's brass writing. In the second act, Klemperer's reading increased in dramatic stature and the *Er Sterbe* Quartet and *O Namenlose Freude* duet were high points of searing tension.

Outstanding in one of the strongest casts assembled at the Royal Opera House for quite some time were the Pizarro of Hans Hotter, a towering personification of hate, and the wonderfully warm Leonore of Sena Jurinac.

In an interview with Madame Jurinac after the performances had settled down, she remarked "It is something like a child. There were difficulties and problems, but these have been overcome and the child grows and I feel that the third performance was my best yet. It is the first time I have sung Leonore and, although I am not a high dramatic soprano—nor do I want to be—I feel that it is possible to sing Leonore with a lyric voice. I had been asked to sing it earlier but I did not feel that I was ready until now."

We talked a little about her recordings and I remarked that she did not seem to have made many recordings for a singer of her standing. "Well, I don't know," she said. "I have recorded Ilia, Elvira, Anna, two Countesses, Cherubino, First Lady, Oktavian, and now you tell me that the *Ariadne* in which I sing The Composer is coming out, so it is not too bad. But since I have no exclusive contract it is true that I do not perhaps make as many records as I would like". I asked what she would like to record. "Certainly some Verdi, particularly Desdemona, and



Sena Jurinac as
Leonore in the
Covent Garden
"Fidelio" —Hous-
ton Rogers Photo

I would like to do some recitals." Knowing that she is an outstanding Strauss singer, I suggested Arabella. Madame Jurinac smiled. "With the character of Arabella I have nothing in common. I could never sing this role." I enquired if there were any definite plans for further records and she said "None", adding, I thought a trifle wistfully, that "I would like to record Beethoven's Leonore." But there seem to be no definite plans for a recording of the current production.

It is perhaps interesting to speculate on the kind of "Fidelio" casts that could be assembled for much-needed stereo recordings. Decca have available Birgit Nilsson, Jon Vickers, and Arnold van Mill as well as the Vienna Philharmonic and Karajan, who conducts a magnificent "Fidelio", while EMI have Hotter, Frick and could doubtless engage Sena Jurinac with the Philharmonia and Klemperer. We may get either or neither of these, while I for my part certainly hope that the plans for a Bruno Walter "Fidelio" are fulfilled.

—MICHAEL MARCUS

"Fidelio" in a Vox Box

By HERBERT GLASS

▲THIS "Fidelio" was recorded at least eleven years ago (at a concert perform-

BETTHOVEN: "Fidelio"; Torsten Ralf (Florestan); Hilde Konetzni (Leonore); Paul Schoeffler (Con Pizarro); Tomislav Neralic (Don Fernando); Herbert Alsen (Rocco); Irmgard Seefried (Marzelline); Peter Klein (Jacquino); Vi-

ance in Vienna), and at that time I purchased a copy of it as Vox PL-7793. Elec-

enna Philharmonic Orchestra and Vienna State Opera Chorus conducted by Karl Böhm. Vox Box VBX-250, six sides, \$7.95.

Windgassen, Mödl, Edelmann, Furtwängler
Electrola 90071/73
Häfliger, Rysanek, F. Dieskau, Fricsay... Decca 147

trola and Decca have come along since with their better engineering and other attractions. Returning to this old Vox, however, I find it to be the only truly meaningful and consistently moving "Fidelio" of the three.

The single interpretation which stands out most clearly is the Pizarro of Schoefler. Still a great artist, his voice was at its most splendidly rich when this performance took place, and he also achieved a characterization (long famous on the stage) which oozes evil without once descending to the level of caricature. As the saying goes, a man you love to hate. Torsten Ralf, who died in 1953, did not have the kind of free, trumpeting tenor we classically associate with his role; yet, like Patzak of the recent past, his singing had such a forceful mentality behind it that he was able to achieve greater dramatic impact than other singers with supposedly ideal "equipment". His *Gott, welch Dunkel hier!* can be topped only by Roswaenge's unforgettable 78, for it is an emotional experience rather than just the normal big "aria". Hilde Konetzni's prime vocal years were, I am told, but a memory at the time of this performance. There is no denying that her singing contains a goodly amount of quaveriness and wayward pitch; however, her Leonore comes to passionate life in a manner which leaves Mödl (never a dull singer) and Rysanek far behind. I doubt that she could have been a more penetrating Leonore at a time when her voice was in top condition. Any vocal shortcomings fade before such complete understanding and vocal fire. Seefried, Neralic, and Klein are thoroughly up to their assignments although, contrary to her normal vocal history, Seefried sounds fresher on the more recent Fricsay. The one big clinker in the Vox is Alsen, whose beery voice and stiff characterization make Rocco a peculiarly cumbersome figure and make much of his music quite painful to hear. That his performance does not brutally weaken the whole production is a tribute to the major talents working against him. It is unfortunate to have to praise artists for their ability to negate the sins of one of their fellows, but such

must be the case. It is in the part of Rocco that Electrola and Decca have their only important casting advantage over Vox, both happily employing the services of Gottlob Frick.

Those who have heard Karl Böhm's fiery performances of this opera at the Met or in Vienna will not be disappointed at his showing here. Böhm keeps the drama consistently in motion and projects such tremendous moments as *Abscheulicher*, Florestan's scene and the blood-curdling "grave-digging" scene with a supercharged energy (without resorting to exaggeratedly fast tempi) unmatched by any conductor in my experience. The "Prisoners' Chorus" and the sublime ensembles *Mir ist so wunderbar* and *O Gott, welch' ein Augenblick* are supremely poignant in his hands, despite the leaden growling of Alsen in the latter two. Böhm manages to restore many great moments of this score which other conductors pass over as unimportant. There is considerable sloppiness in the orchestral playing—slips which would have been corrected in any controlled studio recording, but probably at the expense of much of that passion which only comes through in live performance. The chorus, although not always clearly audible, is excellent. Excepting Alsen, the cast is amazingly effective in its delivery of the spoken dialogue. For once the drama does not become limp when the music stops; there are times when these people kid you into thinking that they are speaking elevated prose. In terms of sound, Vox's is the least impressive version on the market, notably in the distortion of the vocal climaxes and the better part of Florestan's scene. But the far more important quality of this recording is that it presents us with a living "Fidelio", without the surprising lack of tension of the Furtwängler (for me one of that master's least convincing Beethoven interpretations) or the slick superficiality of the often impressive Decca.

Vox is also to be congratulated for making this "Fidelio"—the one on records most nearly worthy of Beethoven's glorious music—available at such a modest price.

An unexpectedly posthumous tribute to a man of the greatest honesty

RIEGER: *Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello, Op. 1; String Quartet No. 2, Op. 43;* John Covelli (piano); William Kroll (violin); Alexander Kouguell (cello); The Kroll Quartet. Columbia ML-5589, \$4.98, or Stereo MS-6189, \$5.98.

(8) CERTAINLY Rieger's place in the sun is firmly fixed; he is a composer of the greatest honesty—perhaps the dean of American music. That Columbia has issued these two works, illustrating the two differing facets of his career, is to its credit, and very much to his. Rieger is a composer who composes first and last; musical politics have never been an attraction to him. Thus is the recognition given him even more underlined.

It is always surprising to hear a work that is less than the mature style of a composer; twice so when it is the ultra-conservative, early manifestation of an older man's aggressiveness. Since progress is a necessity of creative musical life, Rieger has by now gone far from the romantic outpourings of his Piano Trio. There is nothing wrong with the music; it is merely unbecoming to Rieger as we know him today. The trio is well-integrated music, easy of assimilation; the composer of the later works is evidenced in the rhythmic verve of the final section. In sum, a good illustration of Rieger in the imitative days.

One of the most stringent manifests of the twelve-tone system is the avoidance of a central tone. If certain later examples of this tone series technique relaxes to a point of slight repetitions, the introgression of a pivotal sound is nevertheless avoided. In that respect, there-



Wallingford Rieger (1885-1961)

fore, this quartet is atonal even though a central tone emerges as a polarity in the opening unison, conveyed in speedier derivation by the following *allegro*. Further, the very use of any cyclic device is a foreignism of the dodecaphonic school. The repetition of themes, the transmutation of such into other movements destroy the very potency of the twelve-tone scheme by representing thereby one thing as slightly more important than another. Yet Rieger, with his full-hearted fusion of twelve-tone material with his individual expression, does not hesitate to restate the first movement theme in the third, or to transplace another from the same point into the last. In the religion of twelve-tone music, this is tantamount to the practices of the heretic. But Wallingford Rieger is not a twelve-toner here. He is a free tonalist who plots his music to make it sound convincingly tonal, by way of serial doctrines. Intellectuality is not the deciding factor—emotional sensations are. Not only is the attention held by this Quartet, but also its purposes are made as clear to the ear as a Mozart sonata. In my opinion this is an example of great persuasiveness in the field of contemporary quartet literature. It is music that should live a long life.

The performance of the Kroll foursome is a reinforcement and confirmation of the music Rieger has written. I have never heard them play better and one appreciates the ability of this quartet to perform with rapport of style, finish, and tonal beauty. The problems of performance in the trio are much easier. There too, compliments are none the less in order. This disc should be in every library. —A.C.

FROM THE EDITOR:

LISTENING to Stravinsky speak in the new Columbia omnibus album (our review will appear next month), it occurred to me that the composer himself would be perfect as the narrator in a complete performance of *L'Histoire du Soldat*. Maybe Columbia will oblige one of these days. The same label has taped a Bruno Walter performance of the Bruckner Fourth and the Bartók "Bluebeard's Castle" under Ormandy, but neither is on the release schedule as yet. Bernstein's marvelous Schuman (William) Third is, however, along with all four of the Schumann symphonies. . . . Opera futilities: from RCA Victor, in the Soria Series, "Otello" (Vickers, Rysanek, Gobbi) . . . from London: "Lucia" (Sutherland); "Rigoletto" (Sutherland, MacNeil); "Ballo in Maschera" (Nilsson, MacNeil, Bergonzi). . . . from Deutsche Grammophon: "Elektra" (Borkh, Fischer-Dieskau, Madeira); "Nozze di Figaro" (F-D, Seefried, Capecchi, Stader); and another "Ballo" (Stella, Bastianini, Poggi). . . . Stereo-balletomanes will be delighted to hear that Mercury has a new complete *Giselle* coming (Fistouli, London Symphony). . . . Readers interested in pursuing the unique aesthetic of Balinese music (succinctly introduced by William L. Purcell in this issue) are commended to the April, 1949, *Musical Quarterly*, which contains a superbly scholarly article on the subject by Colin McPhee. . . . In connection with the Eichmann matter our extensive coverage of German documentary recordings in this issue is grimly appropriate. . . . Memo to budget-conscious A & R men: within commuting distance of Times Square are several of India's finest musicians, all working as hospital staff physicians and surgeons. Details on request. . . . Collectors who wonder at the mortality rate of artistically worth-while items (i.e., why they are deleted) should read "The Record Business—It's Murder" by Katharine Hamill in the May issue of *Fortune*. It is not a pleasant story, but it is enlightening. . . . Speaking of other maga-

zines, I was horrified to read the following headline in *The Wall Street Journal*: "Magazine Face-Lift/Saturday Evening Post Prepares a New Format To Lure Advertisers/Editors Hope to Recapture Ads Lost to TV; Life Is Hit by Same Problems". I may be naïve, but around here it is the reader who comes first, and it will be for him that we would make any changes. Collating the replies to our recent questionnaire, I am pleased to note that virtually no changes are contemplated. . . . "And now", as the man used to say in the travelogues, "we reluctantly take our leave" of valued contributor Joe Goldberg, who has gone to work for a record company and must therefore give up reviewing, which is too bad because he does it so very well. Fortunately, however, there is new blood for our jazz pages starting this month, as we welcome Mait Edey, Don Heckman, and Bob Levin all at once. . . . My favorite advertisement so far this year appeared among the "Personals" in *The Saturday Review* last month. It read as follows: "WANTED: PIANIST to accompany a violinist; also to clerk part time in a variety store. . . ." Last January we carried a review of a record entitled "Ports of Paradise" by Bert Covit, who was then our New York advertising representative. Talk about auto-suggestion—after re-reading his review a few times Bert decided that everything he had written about the South Seas was true, and what was he doing here? Accordingly, he submitted his resignation and bought a ticket for Papeete, Tahiti. Bert is a sweet guy and we are sorry to have lost him, but it is a consolation to know that there will always be a guest room for me and mine in French Polynesia. . . . A stereophobic subscriber of Biblical bent writes that Eliphaz, the Temanite, foretold the Age of Stereophony in Job XV:21 when he said: "A dreadful sound is in his ears." Not one ear, but *ears*. Will some stereophilic subscriber oblige with a contrary view from the same source?

—J.L.



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Other Reviews

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THERE IS IN SOULS *a sympathy with sounds, and as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased with melting airs or martial, brisk or grave; some chord in unison with what we hear is touched within us, and the heart replies.*

—William Cowper

d'ALAYRAC: *Quartets in E flat (Op. 1, No. 5) and D (Op. 7, No. 3); VACHON: Quartets in A (Op. II, No. 1) and F minor (Op. II, No. 5);* Loewenguth Quartet. Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft Archive ARC-3149, \$5.98.

▲ALL that I have ever heard of late classical French chamber music is contained on this record, and for this my gratitude to Archive. Whether on the strength of these four brief works I would rush out to form a d'Alayrac or Vachon Society is, however, another matter. The two Vachon Quartets are rather thin-textured compendia of 18th-century attitudes and clichés, the sort of music worth studying only as a measure of the greatness of Mozart and Haydn against their times. Viola and cello are used sparingly as a harmonic backdrop, against which the violins rush up and down in scales and arpeggios in the exact direction of nowhere. Since they are relatively early works by the composer, however, I would be inclined to withhold complete judgment until more evidence is in. The d'Alayrac pieces are probably later, although more in the direction of such certante works as the Paganini Quartet than of the late-classic Austrian style. There is also evidence of an occasional rudimentary attempt to break through the

melodic stereotype, but it is still fairly clear that this disc contains much of the kind of music Mozart had in mind when constructing his mammoth spoof, K. 522. The playing of the Loewenguths is all style and elegance, and I do wish the group would make more records. —A.R.

J. S. BACH: *Cantata No. 12, "Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen"; Cantata No. 29, "Wir danken dir, Gott, wir danken dir";* Netanya Davrath (soprano), Hilde Rössl-Majdan (alto), Anton Dermota (tenor), Walter Berry (bass); Wiener Kammerchor and Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Mogens Wöldike. Vanguard/Bach Guild BG-610, \$4.98, or Stereo BGS-5036, \$5.95.

⑧SEVERAL levels of fascination are provided by this exceptional disc. Not only are both Cantatas among Bach's finest, but they contain further interest in that several of their movements are either reworkings by Bach from earlier works, or trial runs of later pieces. Thus, the famous Preludio to the E major Violin Partita here effloresces into a huge and complex exultation for strings, trumpets, drums, and obbligato organ to form the opening Sinfonia for No. 29. Following this we have a preliminary sketch for the *Gratias agimus* of the B minor Mass, more florid

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for both chorus and orchestra than in the later manifestation. Oversonic we find the opening chorus to Cantata No. 12 to be a first draft of the *Crucifixus* of the Mass, without that haunting final modulation and also lacking the flutes that later were to enhance the poignancy of the orchestral *ostinato* figure. I find this study of Bach's first and second thoughts absorbing and rewarding.

Let me not imply, however, that these works are interesting only as sketches. No. 12 begins as a work of extraordinary poignancy, and moves gradually to final solace and jubilation in a brilliant tenor aria with trumpet and a gloriously triumphant final chorale surrounding with full orchestral blaze. Cantata No. 29 is a more continually jubilant work, with the amazing complexity of the opening Sinfonia setting the mood for the entire piece. Wöldike needs no further praise this late in the day as a conductor for this repertory, nor do most of his soloists; it remains only to state that all were in good shape on the day the recording was made, as were the Bach Guild's engineers. —A.R.

BARTÓK: *Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite*; Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam conducted by Bernard Haitink. Epic LC-3772, \$4.98, or Stereo BC-1129, \$5.98.

⑧THE talents of the Concertgebouw's new conductor are further revealed in this disc, which has been released to celebrate the Amsterdam orchestra's current tour of the United States. They are most impressive in the *Dance Suite*, where Haitink's feeling for color and his supple rhythmic sense energize music dependent on such values. The *Concerto for Orchestra* is fine-spun, delicate, and harmonious, but without the energy and inciseness to which such leaders as Bernstein and Reiner have accustomed us. Noisy surfaces and frequently gritty texture militate against the otherwise becoming recorded sound.

—C.J.L.

•
BARTÓK: *String Quartets (complete)*; Ramor Quartet. Vox VBX-19, \$7.95.

▲IT is a virtue to perform the Bartók quartets; it is a distinct challenge to record them. Bartók's life as a composer

Ricci: Sometimes you cannot believe your ears

⑧SOMETIMES you cannot believe your ears, but fortunately I saw Ricci perform much of what is on this record at Carnegie Hall this season, so I know that it is all true. The virtuosity is incredible but, more to the point, so is the musicianship. There is no aspect of the music that Ricci fails to explore on its own terms: no point at which he is anything but totally immersed in the sense and logic of the musical line. It is twelve years, I am ashamed to say, since I last heard Ricci in person or on records; during this time he has gone behind my back and emerged as one of the

most fantastically endowed and intelligent musicians in our midst today.

The music itself shows several approaches toward solving one of the most limiting and challenging problems facing the composer. Prokofieff's solution is to create the illusion of a concerto, with clever but rather superficial imitations of alternating solo and tutti sections, harmonically full but texturally rather bland. Hindemith's works, although similarly lightweight in thought content, attempt to rekindle the Bach linearity. Bartók succeeds far more in this aspect, and has gone even farther, to create the one authentic modern masterpiece in the solo violin repertory. Stravinsky's slighter work, originally for solo viola, makes no real pretensions toward size or form, and must be regarded as a *pièce d'occasion*. In Ricci's hands, however, the occasion becomes a *rejouissance*. —A.R.

BARTÓK: *Sonata for Solo Violin*;

STRAVINSKY: *Elegy*; **PROKOFIEFF:**

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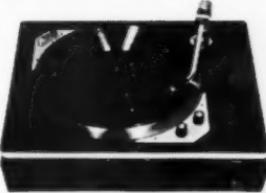
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may be traced through these six compositions. In the other media his powers are shown to be just slightly less great. A composer understandably finds one facet that appeals to him more than others. Bartók's great music can be heard in the violin sonatas, the *Mikrokosmos*, the *Concerto for Orchestra*, and a number of other works, but one returns again and again to the Quartets, which will doubtless last forever.

Four teams have previously recorded Bartók's complete output for string quartet: the Juilliard on Columbia, the Vegh on Angel, the Fine Arts on Concert-Disc, and the Parrenin on Westminster. A fifth entry must meet this severe competition. Study and understanding have made the Juilliard foursome religious disciples of Bartók; the exploratory interpretations of the Veghs are unique. In such a league the Ramor Quartet is not in the first division. They display the necessary technique, but little personality. Their playing is quite ambivalent in regard to tempi and dynamic planes—at times very precise (Bartók's scores were models of notation and even of performance time indications), at other times quite free. The Ramor group does not grasp the subtle quality that is represented by a "horizontal" as compared to a "vertical" attack, nor do they play with knife-edge clarity. It is not refinement that is concerned in this instance, but a refining system that fuses out the electrical quality of the music. In sum, a fairly competent view of the Bartók quartets, faithful only to a degree. But certainly, however, these

discs are economically priced—the Vox Box series serves the buyer well in this not insignificant regard. Liner correction: the Third Quartet did not win a "Coolidge Prize". It shared the first prize of \$6,000 with Casella's *Serenata* in the competition held by the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia in 1927. —A.C.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 1 in C Major, Op. 21; Symphony No. 8 in F Major, Op. 93;* London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. Everest LPBR-6089 or Stereo SDBR-3089, \$4.98.

⑧ KRIPS leads both works in his very personal manner, with less propulsion than is usually encountered in the fast movements and an over-all softening of the sharp inflections preferred by most conductors. His methods will not be to the taste of those listeners raised on an exclusive diet of Toscanini; but I must agree with C. J. Luten, who reviewed Krips' complete Beethoven Symphonies in the October, 1960, ARG, in feeling that I have never heard either work more satisfactorily projected. Such interpretations are clearly the product of long thought and experimentation, and they are magnificent, making the music sound reborn. I am not so fond of the distant orchestral sound as C.J.L. was, but this hardly detracts from the freshness and strength of Krips' performances. It may be of interest to readers that the New York Philharmonic has just announced Krips as one of its guest conductors for the 1961-62 season. It's about time! —H.G.

Tchaikovsky

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Bruckner from Electrola

By JACK DIETHER

IN ADDITION to distributing, from the German Odeon catalogue, some well-loved recordings no longer available in their U. S. pressings, Electrola has been introducing a number of significant pre-stereo recordings that have never been available here before. Outstanding among the latter is this only coupling of Bruckner's two most prized and yet rarely heard choral works, including the only recording of the beautiful E minor Mass currently obtainable anywhere. This tempting item was added to the British HMV catalogue over three years ago, where it must have caused many an American Brucknerite to gnash his teeth in envy during the interim.

The Mass in E minor, second of the three mature Masses of Bruckner, was composed for the Linz Cathedral in 1866, the same year as the completion of his First Symphony. It differs from the other two in being ostensibly more austere, more "Palestrinian", and actually paraphrases Palestrina in the *Sanctus*. As a sort of compromise between the pure

liturgical style and his predilection for rich orchestral tone fertilized by his own prodigious organ technique, he eliminated the strings and delicately scored the work for winds alone—oboes, clarinets, bassoons and trumpets in pairs, four horns, and three trombones. He also eliminated his usual quartet of soloists, and set the liturgy entirely for a chorus varying in texture from four to eight parts. The result was a Mass so clear in its harmony and polyphony, and yet so moving in its poignant use of chromatic lines and dissonant stresses, that his bishop is said to have remarked: "During that performance I could not pray."

Bruckner revised the score for a second performance in 1882, and this authentic score was published for the *Bruckner-Gesellschaft* in 1940. Unfortunately, all the recordings so far issued use the earlier commercial publication, allegedly based on the first version, but including many extraneous ritardandos and diminuendos, and slurs in place of stresses, of the sort proven in the symphonies to be spurious—and so I regard them here. Another defect of the recorded performances is the omission of the unwritten intonation of "Gloria in excelsis Deo" and of "Credo in unum Deum", to which I take strong exception more on logical (beginning a number "And on earth peace", etc.) than liturgical grounds. There were three recordings on 78 r.p.m., the best of them

BRUCKNER: *Mass in E minor; Te Deum*; Agnes Giebel (soprano), Marga Höfgen (contralto), Josef Traxel (tenor), Gottlob Frick (bass), Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, conducted by Karl Forster. Electrola 80010 (mono only), \$5.98.

Tchaikovsky

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from Aachen under T.B. Rehmann, while another under Max Thurn was briefly available on a wretched LP dubbing.

This first recording for LP is thus overdue and extremely welcome. The sound of the Berlin chorus vies with that of the splendid Aachen recording, as does the instrumental balance, with clarifying emphasis on the eloquent bassoons. Forster gives a very flowing interpretation, lacking only the occasional superior inflection and pacing of Rehmann. The latter restored a number of the stresses missing from the score, perhaps instinctively—e.g. in the third bar of the *Kyrie*, where the first sopranos should enter with a sharp twinge of C over the chord of E minor. And he maintained, for example, a steady *Adagio* throughout the Passion section of the *Credo*, instead of speeding up at "Crucifixus", where the succeeding music of "etiam pro nobis" is an exact minor transformation of "Et incarnatus est", and the undulating canon of "de Spiritu Sancto" becomes a wailing lament on "sub Pontio Pilato".

All but the *Agnus Dei* are accommodated on side 1 in the Berlin recording, so that there is ample room on side 2 for the magnificent *Te Deum*. This work of 1881-4, for soloists, chorus, full orchestra, and organ *ad libitum*, is a little better known, being still represented in Schwann by two earlier versions. Forster's interpretation rivals that of Jochum, and for me far surpasses Bruno Walter's, a rather poorly paced reading issued on a muddy and overloaded recording. The Jochum still has the most impressive sound, insofar as only it does full justice to the dramatic organ sonority. But locally it is buried with a thrice superseded version of the Eighth Symphony, in a three-record album which obviously no one is going to purchase now for the *Te Deum* alone. For all practical purposes, Forster's *Te Deum* is therefore as badly needed as his Mass. And finally, the handling of the solo quartet in his *Te Deum* is the most satisfactory to date. Jochum's soloists were well recorded, but uneven in quality. Walter's were better, but acoustically almost lost. Forster's are superb and well reproduced—and whereas

Jochum's bass, Georg Hann, had the most unsure and off-pitch voice of his quartet, Forster's Gottlob Frick (wonderfully appropriate name!) is best of all, rising to a fine delivery of "usque in aeternum".

CHOPIN: *Waltzes* (complete); Werner Haas (piano). Epic LC-3738, \$4.98, or Stereo BC-1104, \$5.98.

⑧THOSE in search of pianistic brilliance and excitement had better look elsewhere. Haas has a tone which is about as miniatu-
ture as any I have heard—and yet, what

an infinite variety of shading and color! The jacket describes Haas as a poet, and so he is. His style is intensely personal, intimate, and arresting. He is capable of perfectly controlled *pianissimos*, fluidity of rapid-finger work, and *legatos* which are almost unbelievably liquid. His phrasing is limpid and flexible—almost improvisatory in effect—but his departures from the text are not excessive. All that is missing is the variety of true dynamic contrast. A more masculine approach has its virtues, too. —D.H.M.

Two from Zaremba: worth arguing fine points

CHOPIN: *Sonata in B flat minor, Op. 35; Andante Spianato and Grande Polonoise in E flat, Op. 22; Bolero, Op. 19; Berceuse, Op. 57*; Sylvia Zaremba (piano). Realistic M-1003, \$3.98, or Stereo S-1003, \$4.98.

Variations on a Theme, Vol. I:
BRAHMS: *Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Handel*; **MOZART:** *Eight Variations ("Come un Agnello"—Sarti), K. 460*; **BEETHOVEN:** *Thirty-two Variations in C*; **HANDEL:** *Aria con Variazioni*; Sylvia Zaremba (piano). Realistic M-1004, \$3.98, or Stereo S-1004, \$4.98.

⑧ZAREMBA proved her extraordinary talent with a pair of Debussy-Ravel and Liszt recordings released here some time ago. Her new albums stimulate mixed response. It goes without saying, certainly, that her playing is always on a high professional plane. This is almost matter-of-fact for anyone with such superb technical equipment and fine control. No powderpuff pianist, she is one of the most powerful of female artists. My personal argument with her playing lies rather in her approach to phrasing and to line.

The highlight of the Chopin album is the *Andante Spianato and Grand Polonoise*. In the unrelenting technical passages she veritably shines, and a definite warmth imbues the work. The *Bolero*, too, is executed with charm. It is in the Chopin Sonata that what seem to

me her faults of phrasing come to the foreground. To begin with, she tends to overpower the melodic line with overly heavy bass and strong beat accents. She also seems to prefer to break the melodic line into small groups rather than build a long sweeping line, using dynamics in plateaus of color rather than in gradations of crescendi and decrescendi. Because of this, one becomes aware of many small climaxes, but rarely a single compelling climax. Still, her playing is far from haphazard. All of her ideas are consistent and carefully thought out. It is just that, for me, they simply do not work. The *Berceuse*, which brings the recording to a close, benefits greatly from Miss Zaremba's monochromatic approach, though the performance could have been even more imposing had she maintained, even further, a steady drone bass.

The other disc, "Variations on a Theme, Vol. I", contains some ravishing playing, particularly in the Mozart and Handel Variations. The melodic lines here are smaller-scaled, and therefore fit well into Miss Zaremba's method of phrasing short. The Brahms-Handel Variations, which were recorded previously by the artist, are not nearly so dramatic as Lateiner's.

If Miss Zaremba were not such a talented pianist, it should be added, one would not take the time to argue fine points. There is much here that is good, along with much that does disservice to her great gifts. —D.A.

Pollini's poetic, severely intellectualized Chopin

CHOPIN: *Concerto No. 1 in E minor*; Maurizio Pollini (piano); Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Paul Kletzki. Capitol Stereo SG-7241, \$5.98.

⑧THIS is the disc debut of last year's prize winner at the Warsaw Competition, Maurizio Pollini. This 20-year-old Italian here makes his talent known to an international public in a testing work designed to reveal almost every facet of his or any other pianist's art. What one hears in the work of this gifted artist is amazing poise in the operation of his notable powers in the areas of articulation, rhythm, pedaling, and phraseology. Time and time again one is charmed by the evenness of Pollini's scales, the flow of his legato, the way he maintains continuity of line. Some listeners, however, will be put off by his tone, which is not colorful, but cool and matte; and a few will note that his lack of power causes him to employ

a carefully calculated dynamic framework. Then there is his severely intellectualized approach to this concerto, which I find a refreshment but which others may dislike. To sum up: if you can accept a poetic performance on a somewhat reduced scale, one unusually close to the composer's indications, it is easy to predict that Pollini's disc will become your favorite in this music. Certainly it cannot be faulted on any other count. The recording itself is excellent, and the accompaniment by Kletzki and the Philharmonia is exemplary. It is seldom that one hears the orchestral parts played with such verve and such care for the composer's dynamic indications. Kletzki's balances are in themselves eminently noteworthy. The texture of the orchestral sonorities is much less opaque than what is expected from Chopin's serviceable but muddy instrumentation. —C.J.L.

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(*Don Juan*)

Galliera, Philharmonia Angel S-35784
Walter, N. Y. Phil. Columbia ML-5338
Steinberg, Philharmonia Capitol SP-8423

⑧THE *La Mer* which Reiner gives us is surely the North Atlantic in mid-winter; it is stormy, immense, and frigid. I cannot condemn such a performance. The excitement is tremendous. There are few men around who can whip up a huge climax by the most gradual building from a wisp of sound the way Reiner can. And the orchestra's position among the world's precision ensembles is affirmed here to an even more striking degree than on previous Chicago releases. Yet I cannot get over the impression that Reiner has disciplined the life out of his players, and through this drillmaster approach divested Debussy's music of much of its subtle beauty. The story is essentially the same with *Don Juan*; an icy slickness is there in superabundance, and the moments of tenderness which unquestionably exist in the music must be supplied through the listener's familiarity with the score in other performances. Still, it's all very impressive, and RCA's stereo is all that could be desired.

—H.G.

DVOŘÁK: *Symphony (No. 5, Op. 24)* in F, "No. 3, Op. 76"; *Othello Overture*, Op. 93; The Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Karel Sejna and Václav Tálich. Artia, ALP-171, \$4.98.

DVOŘÁK: *Symphony (No. 6)* in D, "No. 1", Op. 60; The Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Karel Sejna. Artia, ALP-172, \$4.98.

▲EVEN if Artia never released anything else—which heaven forbid!—this label would have earned our gratitude for making available the first six of Dvořák's Symphonies. We now have all of the master's works in this form on records at last. The Artia people, through their Parliament outlet, have already given us the Tálich "No. 5"; and the old Supra-

phon versions of "No. 2" by Sejna and "No. 4" by Tálich may yet be added to round out this company's coverage.

For those possibly still unenlightened on the matter, the present two works are respectively the composer's Fifth and Sixth Symphonies, having been preceded by the four "youthful" but by no means unworthy earlier ones not included in the popular enumeration (see ARG, August, 1960, pp. 975-8; November, 1960, pp. 214-6). To complicate matters further, the F major, which was written in 1875, the year following its predecessor, and which should properly be reckoned as Op. 24, was not published until after the composer's next two Symphonies, and hence it was given the inaccurate numberings. Neither of the two works has been very successful in its former recordings. The "Third" once appeared in an old 78 r.p.m. Columbia album by the City of Birmingham Orchestra under George Weldon, which never reached LP. In that medium, however, it achieved two appearances. One, by the Radio Leipzig Orchestra under one Johannes Schüler on Urania (URLP-7153 or URRS-711), was an honest attempt, but crude playing and crude sound barred it from any serious consideration. Another matter was a performance under the late Walter Goehr for the Concert Hall Society, which had three successive incarnations, first in its Limited Editions Series (G-2), then on its mail-order Musical Masterpieces Society label (MMS-121), and finally on its regular market label (CHS-1240). This second recording was a commendable presentation, but was a bit sterile and impersonal, and more rehearsal might have smoothed out some rough spots. The respective demises of these two companies removed both recordings from circulation some years ago. The appearance of Sejna's performance is thus badly needed, the more so since it shows us the virtues of the work as no others have done. This work may not be in the class of Dvořák's greatest symphonies, but it is in his fully matured style and in knowing hands it can be really satisfying music. Sejna knows how to shape phrases and balance colors. Note particularly the fine handling of the

woodwinds; note also that Sejna has a far better orchestra to work with than any of his predecessors. Following the lead of the Supraphon original Artia has avoided the mistake made in the previous LPs of this piece by placing the third movement immediately after the second, instead of carrying it over to the next side. This is done at the expense of the repeat of the exposition in the first movement, omitted here though included by Schüler and Goehr. Even so, however, this placement is the only sensible step, not only in terms of readily available space but also because these two movements belong together, leading directly one to the other. In addition, it leaves room for a nice bonus. The original Czech Supraphon used the space for Dvořák's "Husitska" Overture, Op. 67 (something we need again, now that Fiedler's recording has been deleted). For its English release a march by Smetana was used. Artia's choice of the splendid "Othello" Overture is a fine way of reminding us of our lack of full attention to Dvořák's superb cycle of Overtures, Op. 91/3, commonly called "Nature, Life, and Love". The valiant old Concert Hall

release of this cycle (CHS-1141) under Swoboda was stirring but technically inadequate. Kubelik, Szell, Haitink, Ancerl, or others, please take note: we badly need a full-blooded and up-to-date recording of the complete cycle. But for the moment Tálich's vital delivery of "Othello" will do very well for that score alone.

As for the D major Symphony, it is a vivid and masterful work, easily in the class of its great three successors, notwithstanding its unjust neglect both in the concert hall and on records. An old Supraphon recording under Tálich appeared in a 78 r.p.m. Victor album many years ago, but never made LP. Another recording of such vintage, done by Leinsdorf and the Cleveland Orchestra for Columbia, did reach LP (ML-4269), only to be deleted, then reissued by its Entré subsidiary (RL-6627), and finally dropped for good. Meanwhile Supraphon had superseded Tálich with Sejna. (According to the indispensable Clough and Cuming, Sejna's recording appeared in this country at one point on the Colosseum label as CRLP-237, but if this record ever did actually appear its life was negligibly brief.)

The issuance of this Sejna version gives all the more evidence of the inadequacy of Leinsdorf's hard-bitten approach. His driving tempo rode roughshod over the lyricism of the first movement, in vivid contrast with the warm and supple molding of Sejna, who takes a good three minutes longer with it. And again in the scherzo Leinsdorf makes this "Furiant" sound furious to be sure, but at the sacrifice of its proper dance quality, which Sejna understands far better.

All of these recordings seem to be transfers from earlier 78 r.p.m. releases, but their sound is still quite good, with a nice full-bodied resonance. Two sour notes, though. In the finale of the D major the joining between a change of 78 sides has been so poorly handled that there is an inexcusable gap of several seconds at a most awkward point. Secondly, the review copies of both these discs had second sides pressed noticeably off-center; this is particularly unfortunate in the Overture.

—J.W.B.

When you can't find some remembered review from a back issue of *The American Record Guide*, consult

The Index of Record Reviews

Compiled by KURTZ MYERS

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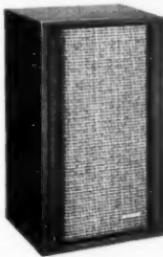
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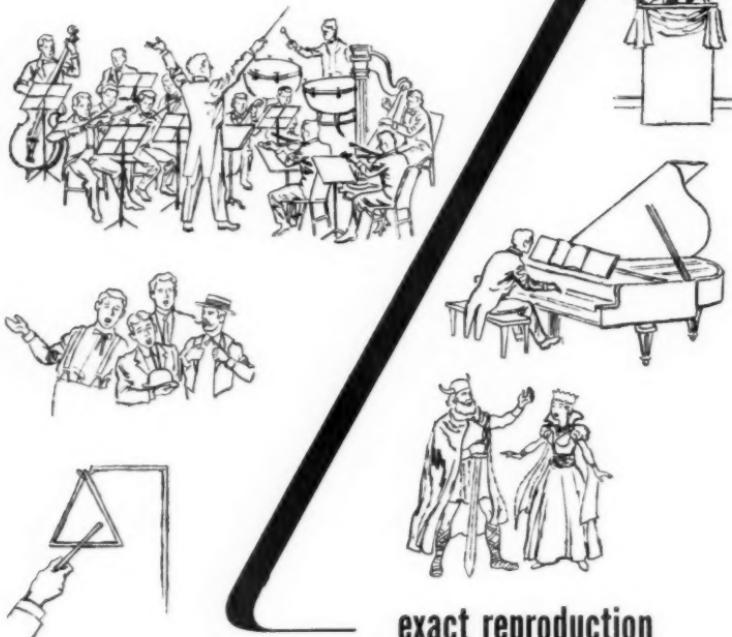
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More Gabrieli from Vanguard—and another hit

GABRIELI, G.: *Sacrae Symphoniae and Canzone; Jubilate Deo; Beata es virgo Maria; Iam non dicam; Domine exaudi orationem meam; Laude nomen Domini; Canzona per sonar primi toni a 8; O quam suavis; Hodie Christus natus est; Sonata pian e forte; Diligam te Domine; Canzona duodecimi toni a 8; Audi Domine; Anton Heiller (organ), Choir and Brass Ensemble of the Gabrieli Festival, conducted by Hans Gillesberger.* Vanguard/Bach Guild BG-611, \$4.98, or Stereo BGS-5037, \$5.98.

⑧ABOUT two and a half years ago Vanguard/Bach Guild brought out its superb and indispensable program of Gabrieli "Processional and Ceremonial Music" (BGS-5004: see ARG, February, 1959, pp. 388-9). Following in its own high tradition, this company has scored another hit. There are some differences in personnel: Edmond Appia has been replaced with Gillesberger, who trained the choir for the first venture. But the chorus, Viennese by all means, is apparently the same, and presumably this second release originated under the same "Gabrieli Festival" auspices as its predecessor. (Even the jacket cover is a reproduction from the same Bellini painting.) The trio of organists of the first disc is dispensed with, though Heiller is retained to play the *intonazioni*. Most noticeable is the abandonment of the effort to use old instruments: the ensemble here is one of frankly modern instruments, and the devil with objections. The results therefore do not really sound precisely as the composer envisioned or heard them, but they are undeniably robust and will be perhaps a bit more immediately compelling. All of the pieces save one in this program are from Giovanni's first publication (1597) of *Sacrae symphoniae*. Some of them have appeared previously. *Jubilate Deo* was included in an out-of-print ten-inch disc from Cambridge (CRS-201). The *Sonata pian e forte* has had several presentations, the important one being in an old Esoteric disc (E-503) of Gabrieli's

brass music. In that performance the lead voice of Choir II was interestingly assigned to a violin; here a trombone is the more conventional choice. (Another recording of this work is on a recent Westminster release, WST-14081, which for whatever reason was not received for review.) The two purely instrumental *canzone* have appeared in a program for Period (S-734). The performances here need no defense: they are vigorous and clear. The sound is superb, a little close, but full and vivid. And, above all, directional. Five of the choral pieces are for two choirs and the differentiation between them is a real joy to hear. But even in the single-choir works the directionality is highly useful and effective. The instrumental selections sound as if a bit of over-doubling of parts has been indulged in, but the results are certainly impressive. I do wish that separating grooves had been placed between every selection instead of every other one. But, my goodness, why complain when here is a record to delight in, revel in, wallow in! The only danger is that Vanguard/Bach Guild will continue to do this sort of thing so well so often that we will come to take them for granted. They certainly deserve better than that since they, fortunately, have never taken the tastes of their public for granted. Other labels please emulate!

—J.W.B.



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Ivan Davis: an impressive recording debut

LISZT: *Études de Concert No. 2 in F minor (La leggierezza), No. 3 in D flat (Un sospiro); Liebestraum No. 3 in A flat; La Campanella; Mephisto Waltz; Funérailles; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6.*

¶ Ivan Davis (piano). Columbia ML-5622, \$4.98, or Stereo MS-6222, \$5.98.

¶ AS the winner in the first Franz Liszt Competition (Town Hall, April 24, 1960) it was perhaps only natural that Ivan Davis should make his recording debut in an all-Liszt recital. Especially, too, since 1961 marks the sesquicentennial of the composer's birth as well as the 75th anniversary of his death. In any event, it was a wise choice. The 28-year-old Texas-born pianist is not only technically well equipped to handle the familiar pieces heard on this disc; he also has a flair for the idiom, style, and period. He approaches them musically rather than for mere technical display.

While there is no lack of fireworks in

his playing of the *Mephisto Waltz* and the *Rhapsody*, it is in communicating the poetry of Liszt's music that Davis is most persuasive. In this respect, and in its rhythmic freedom, Davis' playing harks back to an older way of playing Liszt's music that is quite out of fashion now and refreshing to encounter here.

The high spot in this recording is Davis' performance of what the late Ernest Hutcheson called "the greatest funeral oration ever pronounced by a solo instrument". The *Funérailles* receives at the hands of this young pianist as gripping and compelling, indeed as masterly, a performance as I can recall. The threnodic martial theme is built up to a thrilling, overwhelming climax, while the more lyrical passages are beautifully sung on the keyboard.

Davis is one of the few contemporary pianists to observe Liszt's tempo indication in the *Campanella* and, in doing so, gives the little bells a chance to work their tintinnabulating magic as they were intended. Contrary, however, to what the anonymous writer of the program notes says, Busoni's version, which is the one Davis plays, is not the "rarely heard" version, but the *only* one we hear nowadays.

The recorded piano sound may be a bit overly brilliant and close-up, but Davis' nuances are captured with fidelity. All in all, this disc is both an impressive recording debut and a worthy commemorative tribute to the composer. —R.K.

LOCATELLI: *L'arte del violino, Op. 3: Concerti Nos. 1 in D and 4 in E;* Susanne Lautenbacher (violin), Mainz Chamber Orchestra conducted by Günter Kehr. Vox Stereo STDL-500.500-2, \$5.98.

¶ THE second and third concerti of the dozen comprising Locatelli's Op. 3 were issued on a previous Vox record (STDL-500.500-1), and the comments of I. K. on that release (June, 1960, pp. 830-1) are equally applicable here. This second volume confirms his hope that Vox has in

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mind a serialization of the entire set, although the distribution of the sequence seems a bit strange. This is music at once historically and aesthetically of the greatest interest: even the most casual listeners will find it worth hearing. The performers are highly competent. The stereo sound is full, with well-defined directionality, clarity, and a pleasingly sturdy bass. The packaging of the volume is in the more substantial category of Vox's international format, with notes (condensed and abridged from those which appeared on the first volume) in both English and French. It is not so lavish a product as some of this label's eighteenth-century releases, but this is a project which certainly deserves active support from the public and continued expansion by Vox.

—J.W.B.

MENDELSSOHN: *Symphony No. 4 in A, Op. 90 ("Italian")*; **BRAHMS:** *Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a*; Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Wolfgang Sawallisch. Epic LC-3731 \$4.98, or Stereo BC-1098, \$5.98.

SAWALLISCH gives conservative, straightforward accounts of these works, with nothing occurring that could be called either shocking or inspired. The "Italian" emerges as the delightful and brightly colored work that it is, although the sunny warmth of Steinberg's recent disc must take precedence. Nor is the Vienna Symphony the rich, technically polished ensemble that Pittsburgh's orchestra has been on more than a few recent recordings. Even the casual listener can catch some late flute entrances in the finale.

Much the same can be said about the *Variations*. Many turn to the Furtwängler with affection: I tend towards the Walter for depth of understanding, Toscanini for clarity, and Van Beinum for sheer tonal opulence. The Vienna Symphony, though more than adequate, is hardly distinguished, and Sawallisch seems to have little more to offer than a certain solid, scholarly way with some of the most genuinely inspired music ever written. The recording is bright and a little too close-up.

—D.H.M.

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In the last few years, young bright new comedians have burgeoned on records—Shelley Berman, Lennie Bruce, Bob Newhart, Mort Sahl, Tom Lehrer, to name some. Their fresh, new brand of humor—sophisticated and often "sick"—is fast replacing parlor games as a source of entertainment for social evenings at home. What's new in this field on records? Simple—just refer to the *latest* monthly issue of the "Schwann Long Playing Catalog." If you haven't got the latest issue, better hurry to your record dealer's and get it—if you want to have the last laugh.

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MOZART: *Piano Concerto No. 24, K. 461; Rondo in A minor, K. 511*; Artur Rubinstein (piano); orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. RCA Victor LM-2461, \$4.98, or Stereo LSC-2461, \$5.98.

⑧SURPRISE, surprise, to all skeptics who may have doubted Rubinstein's affinity to Mozart. This recording is a beauty. Rubinstein plays everything straight, or rather, he plays it as Mozart. The C minor is a big concerto that anticipates Beethoven's in the same key. This is perhaps why Rubinstein is so much at ease in its midst. One cannot argue with romantic gestures that fit naturally into its lines, for they are entirely within context. Oddly enough it is in Krips' accompaniment that one finds an occasional romantic indiscretion. Some of the more obvious orchestral entrances are a bit ragged, too. But the recorded sound is so enticing, and the concerto so lovely, that it would be difficult not to derive enjoyment from this release.

—D.A.

PROKOFIEFF: *Sonata in C, Op. 111*;

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata No. 3, in A*;

André Navarra (cello) and Alfred Holeček (piano). Supraphon LPV-468, \$5.98 (Artia import).

▲ROSTROPOVICH owns the Prokofieff Cello Sonata. His concept of the work as one continuous song, plus his uncanny technical ability to effect this most difficult plan, cancels all present competition. (The version on Monitor 2021 is, in fact, one of the great cello recordings, although its engineering hasn't the spaciousness of the others). Janigro, even Piatagorsky, and especially Navarra fight this lyric work by straining to show its difficulties; it is precisely this declamation that has caused the elusive work to suffer in comparison with the Shostakovich sonata, whose virtuoso stunts were designed as such and which is therefore so much easier to grasp. Navarra's rough-and-ready gusto and some of his ideas command interest if not respect in Beethoven's Kreutzer-like No. 3; here he is outclassed by Fournier and Casals, in that order. Holeček is skillful, the recording excellent.

—J.B.L.

RACHMANINOFF: *Symphony No. 1 in D minor, Op. 13*; Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Kurt Sanderling. MK-1525, \$5.98 (Artia import).

▲THIS is an experience. Who has heard the Leningrad in a more masterful and impassioned performance? Sanderling conducts as if his life depended on it, and conveys both the youthful exuberance and Russian introspection that the 22-year old Rachmaninoff poured into this chant-inspired work. Strange that for so many years it lay forgotten except perhaps by those same stars whose adverse configuration caused its malfortunate première under Glazunov, inept as a conductor, and before a St. Petersburg audience, cold to products from Moscow. With characteristic insecurity, Rachmaninoff abandoned and apparently never again heard his First. It was reconstructed in 1945—two years after his death—from a handful of orchestral parts and a two-piano autograph. Let us now hope that this present splendidly recorded effort will remain in our catalogues.

—J.B.L.

A. SCARLATTI: *Concerto grosso No. 3 in F*; **LEO:** *Concerto in D for Cello, Strings, and Continuo*; **DURANTE:** *Concerto in F minor for Strings and Continuo*; **PERGOLESI:** *Concerto in G for Flute, Strings, and Continuo*; Enzo Altobelli (cello); Severino Gazzelloni (flute); I Musici. Epic LC-3760, \$4.98, or Stereo BC-1119, \$5.98. (Scarlatti) Caracciolo, Scarlatti Orch. Angel 35141 (Pergolesi) Wanausek, Adler. Vox PL-9440 (s) EACH of these four works has been recorded previously at least once. The Scarlatti was done for the Concert Hall Society (originally on Limited Edition E-15, reissued as Music Masterpiece Society MMS-3006), and for Angel; the latter is still officially in print. The Leo appeared on the Colosseum (CLPS-1047) and Angel (35254) labels, done by the same performers; but both releases are now out of print. The Durante appeared on an Angel record (35335) also out of print. And the Pergolesi is still available on Vox. It is thus a pity that

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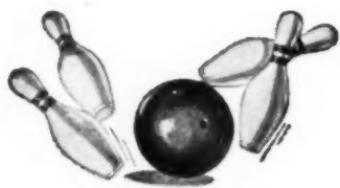


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different works were not selected. This seems particularly true in the case of Durante, a noteworthy composer of whom we should surely hear more. But here complaints may end. The performances are in general more suave and better molded than their predecessors. I Musici is, after all, one of the best groups in the field for this kind of literature. The stereo sound is good, aside from a certain thinness in the bass. And while the harpsichord is still not so obtrusive as it should be, it is a good deal more in evidence than it has been in many of this group's previous recordings. This program is given the title of *Serata napolitana*, or "Evening Concert in Naples", as translated here. It provides an entertaining and useful cross-section of the eighteenth-century Neapolitan School in generous measure.

—J.W.B.

SCHUMANN: *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48; *Seven Songs to texts of Nikolaus Lenau*, Op. 90; *Lied eines Schmiedes*; *Meine Rose*; *Kommen und Scheiden*; *Die Sennin*; *Einsamkeit*; *Der schwere Abend*, and *Requiem*; *Widmung*, Op. 25, No. 1; *Aus den östlichen Rosen*, Op. 25, No. 25; *Die beiden Grenadiere*, Op. 49, No. 1. Gérard Souzay (baritone); Dalton Baldwin (piano). Epic LC-3747, \$4.98, or Stereo BC-1110, \$5.98.

(*Dichterliebe*)
Fischer-Dieskau, Demus Decca DL-9930
Valletti, Taubman RCA LM/LSC-2412

(S)THIS is Souzay's third go at the *Dichterliebe*. The other two versions were on discontinued Londons LL-535 and LL-940. I have heard the earliest version; but somehow, after having owned this new Epic long enough to become familiar with its contents, I doubt that it matters. When Souzay recorded his London performances (at least seven years ago) he was incapable of the kind of vocal skill and textual projection heard on this record. During the intervening period he has become a major recitalist. His voice has added weight and color and there is infinitely less of that painful studied-ness which made his earlier recorded recitals so elegantly dull. Among singers currently before the public, I know of none who is a better exponent of this glorious music.

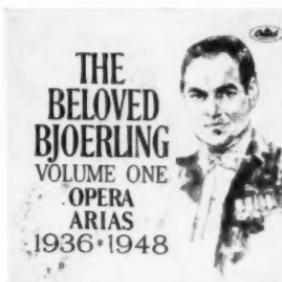
The voice is firm and sufficiently flexible, and one feels while listening to this record that Souzay understands every shade of meaning in the text. A bit more emotion would not be amiss, but there is enough to make for a wonderful listening experience. Only in one song, *Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen*, does he fail to sustain this very high level. Here his rather light voice suddenly sounds unnaturally heavy, and the exquisite delicacy of the song is lost. Cesare Valletti's recording of the cycle, which in retrospect I feel that I praised excessively as a totality, contains an exquisitely light and touching version of this song.

The reverse side of this new disc contains some genuine rarities, *Lied eines Schmiedes*, *Die Sennin*, *Einsamkeit*, and *Der schwere Abend* having appeared previously on LP only, I think, as part of the Marjorie Schloss recital on IRCC L-7000. In fact, of the Op. 90 songs the only one which could be called familiar is *Meine Rose*. There is no earthly reason for the neglect of the others in this group. Each is magnificent, and Souzay does them full justice. The popular *Widmung* is also done very well, while *Die beiden Grenadiere* is effective but far short of the thrilling grandeur of Hans Hotter's interpretation on Angel 35583. Throughout this long and immensely satisfying recital, Souzay is superbly partnered by Dalton Baldwin, an accompanist of the rarest sort. In the *Dichterliebe* in particular, where the piano is just as important as the singer, Baldwin proves that he is part of a strong, perfectly integrated team. I find Souzay's *Dichterliebe* the best currently available, while the remainder of the disc makes this one of the most appealing Schumann recitals in many years. Highly recommended. —H.G.

J. STRAUSS-DORATI: *Graduation Ball*; **WEBER-BERLIOZ:** *Invitation to the Dance*; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Willi Boskovsky. London Stereo CS-6199, \$5.98.

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course, no orchestra plays Johann Strauss so well as the Vienna Philharmonic, and Boskovsky is one of the few conductors who is a master of the peculiar rhythmic pulsation that brings a Viennese waltz to life. The same manner of playing is employed to good effect in the Weber-Berlioz, but in the middle section one wants a wider dynamic span and sharper attack.

—C.J.L.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto in D for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 35*; Valery Klimov (violin); Moscow State Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Kurt Eisberg. MK-1502, \$5.98 (Artia import).

Heifetz, Reiner ... RCA Victor LM/LSC-2129
Kogan, Vandernoot ... Angel 35444
D. Oistrakh, Konwitschny ... Decca 9755
Stern, Ormandy ... Columbia ML-5379, MS-6062
Szeryng, Munch ... RCA Victor LM/LSC-2363

▲ALTHOUGH this is a perfectly adequate performance it is far from spectacular. Klimov, about whom the jacket gives no information, plays the work with skill but without either the suavity of tone or the virtuosity that are features of many of the other recorded interpretations. The orchestral support is acceptably recorded. It might be mentioned, incidentally, that the concerto is performed without the usual cuts. —I.K.

TELEMANN: *Suite for Recorder and Strings in A minor; Concerto for Oboe and Strings in F minor; Concerto for Three Trumpets, Two Oboes and Orchestra in D*; Theodora Schulze (oboe and recorder), Arthur Statter, Harry Peers, and Maurice Peress (trumpets); Orchestra of The Telemann Society conducted by Richard Schulze. Vox Stereo STDL-500.590, \$4.98.

⑧IT is sad to deplore a recording which so obviously gave pleasure to its participants, but I'm afraid that the word here is "deplorable". Rhythmically, the approach is indefensible; I think we have heard too many imaginative performances of this repertory to accept Schulze's tight, uninflected jogtrotting as proper to the style, innocent as it is of grace or impulse. I find it equally difficult to accept his way with final cadences, the curious injection of a *Luftpause* between the last two notes

as a sidestepping of the issue of whether or not to retard. The soloists play with reasonable accuracy most of the time, but there are sour moments in the D major Concerto which should never have been allowed to pass. In this work, too, the balance between trumpets and other instruments is poor, with the end result just

so much noise. Mme. Schulze's mastery of her chosen instruments is hardly more than approximate. These are performances which would probably sound quite pleasant on a Sunday afternoon baroque festival in Town Hall, but they are hardly of the quality to enshrine with the permanence of a recording. —A.R.

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A third 'Traviata' *from RCA Victor*

VERDI: "La Traviata"; Anna Moffo, soprano (Violetta); Richard Tucker, tenor (Alfredo); Robert Merrill, baritone (Giorgio Germont); Franco Calabrese, baritone (Doubophol); Piero De Palma, tenor, (Gastone); Franco Ventriglia, bass (Dr. Grenvil); Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Fernando Previtali. RCA Victor set LM-6154, \$9.96, or Stereo LSC-6154, \$11.96 (six sides for the price of four).

A Guest Review
By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

AT ITS best, the new "Traviata" is superb; even at its worst it maintains a very solid operatic routine. Thus RCA eclipses one of its previous sets (Monteux-Carteri) and provides some strong competition for the other (Toscanini-Albanese). Capitol's de los Angeles-Serafin performance is the only remaining rival of importance.

Anna Moffo is effective throughout the opera, and really exceptional in the last act. This is not a grand-scale prima-donna



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Violetta, but a girlish and very believable one. And vocally the twentyish soprano comes close to filling the many-sided Verdian requirements with consistency.

Her voice is a shade too light to squeeze the last ounce of impact from the big *Amami Alfredo* outburst, and her musical personality may be a trifle weak to monopolize attention through the voice alone in the early scenes. Taken in perspective, however, such factors seem insignificant. (And it would be downright peevish to complain because Miss Moffo attempts an edgy high E flat at the end of *Sempre liberi* rather than Verdi's more modest and comfortable close.)

This Violetta is thoroughly musical, usually faithful to the printed score, and blessed with vocal purity to match the technical precision. There is some striking drama here, too. Who has heard *Alfredo, di questo core...* in the gambling scene sung with tones so close to Verdi's prescribed "voce debolissima", or an *Addio del passato* in which the words of

the letter are whispered with such poignancy? This reviewer is ready to dodge all the Callas-Albanese-Tebaldi-Stella-de los Angeles fans, and go on record with the claim that this is the only current Violetta who sings the aria as Verdi asked—"dolente e pianissimo, legato e dolce"—sadly and softly, smoothly and sweetly.

If the RCA authorities had fully appreciated this, perhaps they might not have made the usual cuts in the aria, as indeed they might have given us that operatic rarity, a really complete *"Traviata"*. When *Di Provenza* awkwardly spilled onto Side 4, one hoped that the *scena* between Alfredo and his father that follows might be reinstated. Instead, the only customary anti-climactic closing measures remain, and the listener is left with broken continuity plus the confusion of a gambling scene that follows without so much as a separation band.

The sound *per se* is also frequently below par. At times the engineers seem to have strived for the effect of a theater in which the voices are far away, the orchestra relatively close, and the general tone muffled.

Although the remaining participants stand more or less in the Moffo shadow, all are pretty respectable. In Richard Tucker's case, more than that, for his is probably the finest Alfredo on records. The relegation of Tucker to the end of the article is explained only by Alfredo's weakness as a musico-dramatic figure; the tenor sings here with more color and finesse than he often does on the stage. *De miei bollenti spiriti* benefits from a remarkable sense of line (unfortunately, the cabaletta is once again missing), and in the duets with Miss Moffo, he proves himself an exceptionally tactful partner. Merrill sounds his usual mellow, healthy, not-too-dramatic self, and—like most Germonts—he ignores most of the phrase and dynamic markings in his aria.

Maestro Previtali's *tempi* are generally fast, *à la* Toscanini, especially in the choruses. He may not always succeed in backing up the speed with comparable intensity, but there is clarity in this *"Traviata"* and a commendable lack of pseudo-sentiment.

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WORDS ONLY

By PAUL KRESH

THE LOVE AFFAIR between poetry and the long-playing record continues to flourish and, after the heavy doses of comedy, monologues and political speeches considered in these pages in recent months, it is good to get back to it. Nothing except music bears repetition so well as good verse which, like those Chinese boxes one within the other, should yield fresh surprises at every inspection. Archibald MacLeish may protest that a poem should be "palpable and mute" but even he has lifted his musical voice for a record of his own and in more than one anthology. A fine poem, like a fine score, can gain much from an effective performance. One can only admire those entrepreneurs of record companies like Caedmon, Spoken Arts, The Spoken Word, Jupiter (in England) and others, who in general have kept the standards for this field so high and done so much to widen the poet's audience—scarcely a quick way to wealth in our society. They have forwarded a number of excellent new examples featuring at times readings by the poets themselves and at others well-prepared interpretations by star performers of the theater. Occasionally, it is true, like children under a subway turnstile, a dwarf tries to come sneaking through among the giants, as in the case of the late Edgar Guest, with the album notes on his verses assuring us of his superiority to the "brainicks" who "spit on" his memory. The answer to this is: don't let 'em scare you, brainicks: spit!



W. H. Auden Reads A Selection of His Poems. Spoken Arts 780 (an Argo recording), \$5.95.

AT 54, Wystan Hugh Auden reads a dozen or so of his poems—few old favorites among them—in a voice which, despite its dryness and detachment, he manages to invest with an ineffable warmth and humanity. And indeed, Mr. Auden, admired more frequently these days for the wonderful slogans that crop up in his writings ("We must love one another or die", "Highbrows of the world, unite!") than for the body of his verse, is above all

compassionate, even at his most tart and laconic. He can spare a moment of solace even for the tourists of life who are "misinformed and thoroughly fleeced by their guides" and is willing always to "let the more loving one be me." Often, in the modern manner he helped to forge, he lets these sentiments, and some of his great lines, too, drop parenthetically on the way to some other objective, a variety of understatement which results in making the parts of a poem seem more remarkable than the totality. This is particularly true in poems like "Homage to Clio", where he renders praise to the muse of history or, as he calls her, the "muse of time". The listener can be so stunned by such flaring references as "the roar of an earthquake rearranging the whispers of streams" or the characterization of Clio as a spirit whose "kindness is never taken in" that the lines which follow are obliterated in the blaze, and it is necessary to start over again to retrace the thread. There is much such pure gold embedded in the ore of Auden's verse, where he also playfully interweaves the momentary with the timeless, in language as well as thought—and almost always makes a good job of it. In "Metologue to The Magic Flute", for example, the immortal and the transitory are compounded as the poet writes: "I come to praise but not to sell Mozart" who "never had to make his bed" despite other hardships and today has "equal status with the twelve-tone boys." Later, Auden works into this very poem allusions to such timely persons and institutions as Margaret Mead, Robert Graves, Thurber's Walter Mitty, Vassar, Bennington, Bryn Mawr, Stravinsky, and the juke box. What shall our progeny make of it all? Some of what is read on the disc is unalloyed perfection—notably a passage from "The Shield of Achilles" where the poet contrasts the "two citizens"—one Philistine, rational, earthbound, the other the archetype of the artist. Auden sums up their mutual antipathy: "He would like to see me cleaning latrines. I would like to see him removed to some other planet." Auden's ideal world is one where

"reason and love" shall be crowned and "assume their rightful sway." His verse by turns laments, mocks and commiserates with the unreason of our times, but never gives up hope that ultimately the scepter will be given over to the sound minds and generous hearts of the civilized and the sane. The album notes, by the way, are culled from a profile (unsigned) in *The Observer* of London, and unusually objective for record-cover prose, too often a mere undisguised salesman's blurb.

Fifteen Poems by Dylan Thomas read by Richard Burton. Spoken Arts 789 (an Argo recording), \$5.95.

▲THE listener who has heard the voice of Dylan Thomas, and who turns his attention to the riches of this collection, will at once be amazed by the likeness to the original which actor Richard Burton has been able to perpetrate in tone, timbre and inflection. Once in a while the ring sounds just a bit metallic and the actor more preoccupied with his portrayal than with the material at hand. On the whole, however, this is a convincing *tour de force*. The full-blooded, ornate imagery of the Thomas lines, which are their trademark, do not lend themselves to the self-annihilating murmur fashionable in poetry recitation today, and it would have been a gross mistake to underplay them. Burton sings the phrases out rich and full—the blackbirds that "die like priests"; the "thoroughfares" of a woman's hair; the "wild boys innocent as strawberries". These juxtapositions, second nature in the speech of that endearing Welshman, unroll at times for uneventful stretches; the horses tend to flash rather tiredly after the first dozen poems like overfamiliar stockshots in movie scenes; and one begins to wish disloyally that the "sea sounds" would do something else besides "sing", bat never mind; the fervor of the poet's adoration of life, the wealth of his invention, the startling skill and sweep he can display, make up for all that. Edith Sitwell has contributed a beautiful tribute by way of jacket notes, and it is impossible even seven years after the death of Dylan Thomas not to share her sense of loss, that "he who caught and sang the sun in flight, yet was the sun's brother, and never grieved it on its way, should have left us. . ." Burton has made him live again, almost miraculously, for the space of this disc.

The Poetry of Paul Roche. Read by the Poet. The Spoken Word (Contemporary Poetry Series) SW-140, \$5.98.

▲"LET The Senses Sing" is the subtitle on the record, although not on the album cover, of this collection by a young and exceptionally gifted English poet. An appropriate title it is. Roche, known here

through publication in *The New Yorker*, *The Saturday Review*, *New World Writing*, and other places, is a sensuous voice among the astringent moderns, and he reads with an eloquence, passion, and feeling for the rhythms of his own verse which are equally unfashionable and appealing. He applies a talent for imagery that celebrates the life of the senses to description that can evoke the "fidgeting prawns" in a sea pool, the heat of a July afternoon on the Mediterranean coast, the "furnace-sigh of air" on an even warmer day in New York, and similar topics, with unassailably effort. Occasionally he will turn the accurate focus of his eyes on microscopic matters not worth their attention, using language like photography to make pictures of morning glories or spiders that are little more than imagist exercises. There is also a long poem on side two, about a "mystical experience", called "Revelation in Blanes", which descends to mere wordiness and metaphysical banality for an unconscionable stretch, though it is brought alive unexpectedly in spots by phrases such as "candle-light . . . like moon-tongued lanterns in the leaves." Once in a while Roche will turn away from the word canvas he is always working at with such fine brushes to utter a line in three dimensions: "Envy corrodess my memory of the sun, gone down south . . . where wealth goes." Then he is alive, and more than a miniaturist whose work sometimes verges dangerously on the precious. For a college man, though the used to teach English at Smith), Roche writes poems remarkably free of that academic mothball odor. There are no band separations on the disc, which is maddening.

The Jupiter Book of Ballads. Jupiter JUR-00A3 (obtainable only on order from Jupiter Recordings, Ltd. 22b Ebury Street, London, S.W., England), \$4.75 postpaid.

▲WHEN it comes to putting a record like this one together, Jupiter sets a standard to which American companies would do well to repair. Here on one disc are ballads ancient and modern, some sung, some spoken, in a program so cleverly arranged and directed that there is never a dull or irritating moment—as, alas, in less clever hands, there would be. A cast made up of Isla Cameron, Jill Bacon, Pauline Letts, John Laurie, Osian Ellis, and V. C. Clinton-Baddeley take turns in singing and reciting traditional ballads from England, Scotland, and America on side one. Then, on side two, they present more recent examples of the form, including ballads by William McGonagall, William Morris, and Thomas Hardy, and ranging from Irish street songs to familiar American numbers like "The House of the Rising Sun". As

the jacket notes point out, books and the theater supplanted the ballad a long time ago but it was in its day and remains a wonderful way to tell a story—by telescoping the plot and revealing its incidents in highlights and glimpses arranged in stanzas like miniature chapters of a book. Thus, William McGonagall's inept and therefore highly comical way of telling about the Tay Bridge Disaster ("the last Sabbath day of 1879/Which will be remembered for a very long time") makes that ballad really a blood-cousin of the ones about poor Barbara Allen, Lord Randall, and the rest of those long-suffering victims, from the wife of Usher's well right down to Hardy's "trampwoman", who goes through hell for countless passages. The method of presentation is perfectly brilliant—using the voice of Pauline Letts to be the actual ghost at the end of "The Unquiet Grave" after Clinton-Baddeley performs the earlier parts; employing different, and correct, dialects; using the excellent voice of Osian Ellis accompanying himself on the harp in three ballads to relieve the monotony of a series of spoken performances, and varying the program still further with pleasing and entirely unaffected singing by Isla Cameron, sometimes with, sometimes without guitar, in "Lord Randall", "High Barberie", and for once, a complete "House Of The Rising Sun". Nor is there any predictable rigid order of singing or speaking to dampen one's sense of surprise. The selection of material and its authentic yet thoroughly diverting presentation make the Jupiter Book of Ballads a prize and a delight. Too bad that one must import it.

Edgar A. Guest. Selected verses read by Eddie Albert. Cadence CLP-3050, \$3.98.

▲LIKE some garrulous and boring neighbor who has dropped in unexpectedly and never makes a move to leave, actor Eddie Albert tries, by a conversational approach, to take the curse off the sticky sentimentality of Edgar A. Guest's ossified old homilies about children, mothers and "fellers" on a long-playing record that clocks in under an hour but seems to go on for days. Albert "reads for sense", as he spares us neither the verses nor the cosy explanations with which Guest sometimes introduced them, but the experience is like getting lost in some gigantic 100-story copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* with no back cover by which to escape. Indeed, Pete Martin, of the editorial staff of that very magazine, bares his Philistine fangs in some unpleasantly anti-intellectual program notes to explain why old Eddie was so superior to those wicked bearded beaniacs of today (or is it yesterday?), "swilling espresso" and all like that. In actuality, Guest has more in common with that crowd than Martin supposes. Both attempt—Guest with his middle-class "heap o' livin'" and the Young Rebels with their vocabulary of equally vague and easy phrases—to grab hold of human life, which took millions of years to evolve, and shake out the complexities of its possible meaning in oversimplified cartoon strokes and catchwords. Of course, in contrast to Guest's homely tributes to night shirts, fishing trips and "What A Baby Costs", Allen Ginsberg's verses are not altogether suitable for framing.

The Germany of Hitler and before

Rund um das Brandenburger Tor—Berlin 1789-1959. Quadriga-Ton-Gesellschaft MBH, Frankfurt am M. 1001/2, 2-12" discs.

Das Dritte Reich in Dokumenten. (Christophorus-Verlag Herder, Freiburg in Breisgau. CGLP-75700/2, 3-12" discs.

Deutschland im Zweiten Weltkrieg. Athena, 51141X, 2-12" discs.

These recordings are available on import only, or through those stores that deal in imported recordings.

A Guest Review

By DR. A. F. R. LAWRENCE

THESE three sets represent a new high in documentary recording, for not only is enough time allowed to treat the subject in depth, but also a truly scholarly approach is attempted. We have had any number of one-disc documents, dealing with the UN, with FDR, and with the whole period from 1890 to the present, but all of them suffered from two major

A. F. R. Lawrence (Ph.D., J. D.) has been collecting speech records for more than twenty-five years, and recordings of music even longer. Formerly a professor of political science, he now lives in New York.

defects: first, a lack of adequate time, so that major events were apt to be reduced to only a brief quotation; and, second, an apparent determination to make the available material fit some predetermined form. Too often resort was had to actors, to "re-creations" and to invention—even when actual material was extant but had been overlooked by the compilers. Too often what was finally published was more a souvenir book—"samples of great voices and events"—than a serious attempt to present history as it was, or at least, as it appeared to be.

The first set, using the Brandenburg Gate, and in a broader sense Berlin, as a unifying device, deals with important episodes in German history. By means of short dramatizations and narration the recording passes from the construction of the gate in 1789 through the years to 1914, when the first archive material was available. This survey, while not without interest, is really only a prelude to the long and important sequence of original voice recordings used on the remaining three sides. Here are found authentic recordings of the voices of Wilhelm II, Hindenburg, Ebert, Stresemann, Brüning and others of the pre-Hitler period, thus giving a glimpse of the Imperial Government in the early days of the first World War, showing the social disorder of post-war times, the attempts of the Weimar Government to solve this social and economic disorder, and the fall of the government when it failed to do so. Then with the voice of Goebbels in 1933 the National Socialists appear on the scene, and the voices of Göring, Hitler, Mussolini and others are heard, as well as sounds of the book-burnings of May 1933 (said to be at Berlin, but in fact, at Munich), bombings of Berlin, and the announcement of Hitler's death. The post-war period is characterized through the voices of officials of the Berlin Government during the air-lift, through remarks of General Clay and Chancellor Adenauer, and ends with sounds of the revolt in East Berlin in June 1953. The whole is introduced by Willy Brandt, Lord Mayor of Berlin, speaking in 1959.

The second set, "The Third Reich in

Documentary Form", is by far the best of all. Each record is arranged as an integrated unit, and is complete in itself, yet together the three discs make an extremely good survey of the period from 1933 to 1945—the "Thousand Years" of the Third Reich. The first record, The Way to Dictatorship, begins with the transmission from the old Reich Chancellorly on January 30, 1933, of the announcement of Hitler's accession. Dr. Goebbels follows, hailing the event, and the Hitler-time is begun. Extracts from various of the early speeches of Hitler are heard, and the side ends with the glorious days of March, 1933, when Hindenburg and Hitler received the Reichstag in the Garrison church at Potsdam before the empty throne of the Kaiser, and Hindenburg descended into the crypt to pray before the remains of the dead emperors. This "Day of the Nation" consolidated Hitler's hold on the feelings of the German people, and publicly symbolized his contempt for the Weimar Republic. The second side is devoted to the development of the internal affairs of the party and the nation, presenting the voices of Hitler, Roehm, Hess, and others. The second disc, The Struggle over the Borders, traces the external policy of the Nazi Government through the Austrian *Anschluss*, the absorption of Czechoslovakia, and finally the invasion of Poland. In speeches from 1935 to 1939 are heard von Blomberg, Hitler, Schuschnigg, Seyss-Inquart, Goebbels, Forster, and von Ribbentrop. The third disc, The Second World War, begins with Hitler's report to the Reichstag on the defeat of Poland, continues with Keitel's presentation of the armistice terms to the French at Compiègne in June of 1940, and traces the triumph and the final downfall of German arms through the voices of Goebbels, Roosevelt, Eisenhower, von Ribbentrop, and Hitler. The end comes when Grand Admiral Dönitz announces his accession to power on May 1, 1945. (It should be noted that the spoken commentary, in dealing with the Reichstag Fire, adopts the common view that the Nazis themselves were responsible. However, an insert to the notes points out that recent research work would seem to bear

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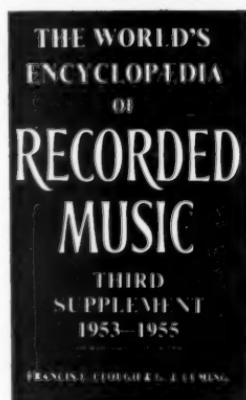
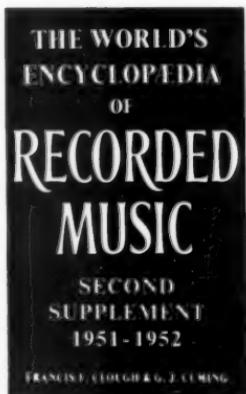
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out the Nazi contention that the fire was started by other hands. Whoever may have started the fire, however, the Nazi party turned it to its own use.)

The third set, "Germany in the Second World War", covers in slightly more extensive form the period from the invasion of Poland in 1939 to the announcement of Hitler's death and Dönitz's accession. A number of subsidiary, although not minor, men and events are touched on that were omitted from the foregoing set; there are more excerpts from different Hitler speeches, a part of Stalin's famous speech of July 3, 1941, is heard, and short bits of the voices of Dr. Ley, Heinrich Himmler, Hermann Göring, and Konrad Henlein are woven into the story.

Technically all the records are very good, the only objectionable feature being the perhaps misguided attempt in the third set to suppress surface noise (from the original archive recording) by extreme use of the filter. This, while removing the louder surface hiss, seems to envelop the voices in a rather thick blanket, thus removing some of the individuality which is more noticeable in "The Third Reich".

The question can be raised as to the effect these sets might have on a generation of Germans who knew Hitler not, and who have been told only partial truths about the Hitler-time. A nation's past cannot be kept hidden from new generations, for any attempt at suppression of itself gives rise to a misconception of the past. There are always some facts which become common knowledge, and these, by the mere nature of their isolation, give rise to further misconceptions, so that the failure to face the past is compounded way into the future.

Since we now realize that sound itself is of documentary importance—as Edison predicted—and since magnetic tape has been developed as an easy method of using such sound, it was inevitable that

the sounds of the Hitler-time would be collected into history. It is a very good thing that the job has been done as well as it has in these three sets. In all cases the approach is factual, the material is allowed to speak for itself without slanted editorial comment. When done properly, as it is done here, this is the way to illustrate history. The result will not incite a revival of the Nazi myth, but it will help to explain how the myth was perpetrated and publicized.

The publishers of *Deutschland im Zweiten Weltkrieg*, encouraged, perhaps, by the success of this volume, have announced a new set, of three discs, to be titled *Deutschlands Weg in die Diktatur*, which begins with Wilhelm II in 1914 and ends in 1945. A copy has not yet been received. •

Hitler's Inferno in Words, in Music

1932-1945. Audio Rarities 2445, \$5.95.

▲THIS is a horse of another color. Everything that the above sets are, this is not. It is a masterpiece of lack of organization and hysteria, and in my opinion would do more to spark a neo-Nazi movement than any other record. The English commentator, while leaning over backwards to bewail the crimes of Hitler and his followers, introduces speeches, music, crowd scenes and so on that show the party in quite a different light. Then he attempts to dampen this effect by the use of a brief excerpt from the Nuremberg trials. (A local theater showing *The Triumph of the Will* endeavoured to proclaim its place on the side of right by following this Nazi film with ten minutes of newsreels of Nazi concentration camps. The device was not effective in the theater, nor is it effective here.) This record achieved a certain notoriety by being banned in Germany. Like the label "Banned in Boston", this is no real index to its quality. —A.F.R.L.

SOUND IDEAS

An Equipment Review

By LARRY ZIDE

Dynaco TA-16 Integrated Arm-Cartridge



TWICE before I have reported on the Bang and Olufsen stereo cartridge that is distributed in this country as the Stereodyne II by Dynaco. This integrated unit has the same cartridge.

The arm itself is a hollow aluminum tube. At the rear is the counterweight used to balance the arm both vertically and laterally. Stylus pressure is achieved by means of a spring mounted forward of the pivot assembly below the tube. A sliding sleeve on the tube is calibrated in grams. At the business end of the arm is the removable cartridge. The B & O unit is of moving-iron design, and it is a durable, high-performance product.

Set-up of the arm is simple. The unit mounts in a single hole. This sixteen-inch version must be placed 310 mm (approximately 12-3/16 inches) away from the turntable spindle; as a consequence not all turntables will accommodate the TA-16. (A smaller arm, the TA-12, mounts at 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches. It should fit most turntable bases.) After mounting the arm it is balanced in a vertical plane by sliding the rear weight back and forth until the arm remains level. (Be sure to remove the plastic stylus guard prior to balance adjustments.) The weight has a hole bored from the rear on one side. By rotating the weight with the arm tilted sidewise lateral balance can be secured.

The combined unit will track all records, stereo or mono, at 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ grams.

This is at least a half-gram lower than the cartridge alone will do in most arms. This can be attributed to extremely low bearing friction exhibited by this arm.

The over-all sound of the system was smooth, somewhat bright, with big, somewhat boxy, bass and extremely clean sound. This cartridge produces less distortion than almost any other I have heard. Stereo placement was excellent, with virtually no instrument wander.

Test record examination (Westrex 1A) showed the entire range from five to twelve kilocycles to be elevated two to three decibels relative to one kilocycle. The cartridge was flat out to fifteen kilocycles, the upper limit of the record. At this extreme frequency, channel separation measured 13 db for either channel. At 1 kc separation was 24 db.

The lower frequencies measured less satisfactorily. Both channels exhibited a steadily rising characteristic. Both were plus 5 db at thirty cycles. At fifteen cycles the arm threw the stylus out of the groove unless the pressure was increased to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ grams.

Taken on an absolute basis, the TA-16 has, to my ears, slight shortcomings. However, these should be weighed against the very low price tag of \$59.95. With this in mind, and the exceptionally low distortion of the unit considered, the TA-16 emerges as an excellent value. If you like "big" bass this is the unit to have.

Scott LK-72 Amplifier Kit

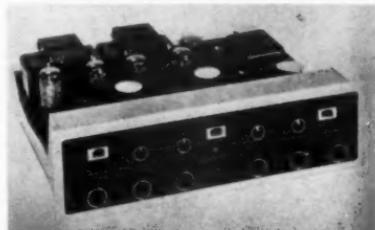
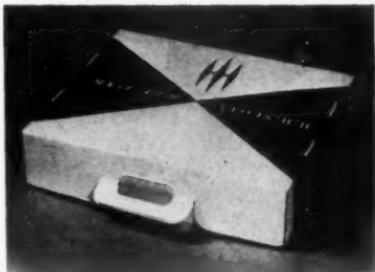
THE RECENT entry of H. H. Scott into the kit field with tuner and amplifier kits has created something

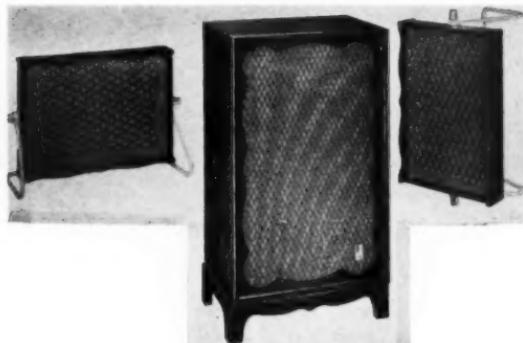
of a stir in the industry. I have recently completed the amplifier and am currently putting together the tuner. Let

me state at this point that, as kits go, these Scott units are more beginner-proofed than any other kit on the market. The instruction book and packaging techniques are designed with the neophyte in mind. Each page has multicolor pictorials of the wiring to be done. All wires are pre-cut to size. Resistors and condensers are packaged on cards, numerically indexed to the page on which they appear. The kit is packaged in a suitcase-like box, making it easy to put away after the night's work is done. The chassis has its mechanical assembly, with tube sockets *et al.*, complete.

About fifteen hours must be invested to complete the amplifier. The result is a unit of excellent performance characteristics. Scott rates the LK-72 at 36 watts per channel music waveforms. They also rate it at 30 watts per channel continuous power. It is this second figure that I tested for. My unit came within one watt of this figure at 1 kc. (This error is possibly in the instrument used for measurement rather than the amplifier.) What impressed me was the fact that at twenty cycles the amplifier did not clip until 25 watts. At twenty kc the figure was 26 watts. These are excellent figures. IM distortion on my sample reached the 2% level at 28 watts. Below 10 watts IM readings of less than 0.5% were recorded. Phono equalization follows the RIAA curve closely (within 2 db) down to 50 cycles. Below this figure response on the phono channels fell off rapidly. Sensitivity for 25 watts out was 3 mv on the low magnetic input, 7 mv on the high mag jack.

The amplifier sounds as it tests, quiet and clean. With low-efficiency speakers there was an ease of reproduction not usually encountered in this class. At \$149.95 the price would seem to be somewhat high until you consider the cost of producing a kit of this type. If this is a more expensive one than others in a similar performance category, it is also a kit that the novice is more likely to complete successfully. And the completed kit is capable of performance as good as many units costing far more. Highly recommended.





Jensen GS-3 Galaxy III Stereo Speaker System

ABOUT a year ago I reported on the Jensen Galaxy II system. This new one shares the idea of the earlier version but little else. A single bass unit is used to propagate all frequencies below 350 cycles. All frequencies above this point are distributed to two small satellite speakers. Each contains two small speakers, an oval-cone mid-range unit and a horn super tweeter that cuts in at 4,000 cycles. The large bass unit contains a single twelve-inch high-compliance woofer. The cabinet also contains the crossover and distribution network for the woofer and dual satellites. On the rear are two jacks for the satellites, the usual screw terminals for amplifier connections, and a level control that simultaneously affects both satellites.

The stereo effect of a combined bass unit is surprisingly good. Since the bass speaker does extend to 350 cycles there is a degree of center fill provided. The satellites can be spread very wide, even in a small room, without tearing the stereo effect into mere left and right. Also, the small size of the side speakers makes it easy to absorb the system into any décor.

The Galaxy III is a speaker of moderately low efficiency. A good ten-watt amplifier would be adequate for each channel, though for best results double that figure would be a better choice. The system is designed for an 8-ohm input.

No one is without prejudice. I happen to be prejudiced against horn tweeters. I must state, however, that the tweeters

in this unit sounded considerably more acceptable to my tastes than most. The top end of this system is smooth and silky. It does tend to get a shade rough on the extreme top, but by no means objectionably so. The over-all sound can be characterized as big in quality, smooth in response and very pleasant in sound.

Over-all response is good to about 40 cycles. Below that, response falls off to a still usable 28 cycles. Some audible doubling at high power levels was observed. Lest these seem to be poor figures, let me say that there are few speakers even in high-priced categories, which the Galaxy III is not, that can do better. At \$229.50 complete, this Jensen unit can hold its own.

A brief word about the furniture. Too much praise cannot possibly be heaped on Jensen for realizing that these units must, for the most part, be installed in already furnished rooms. Thus this speaker, like most of the Jensen line, is available in a variety of finishes and styles. The Danish walnut, provincial cherry, contemporary limed oak and traditional mahogany finishes are individually styled to fit the respective finishes. The Galaxy furnished me, and illustrated here, was the provincial cherry. For \$199.50 the Galaxy III units are available in unfinished gum. \$9.95 more provides a matching consolette base for any of the furniture-grade finishes. All in all, for both sight and sound, Jensen has a handsome product in the Galaxy III.

Folk Music

By HENRIETTA YURCHENCO

Folksay: Volume I and II. Pete Seeger, Leadbelly, Cisco Houston, Bess Lomax, Woody Guthrie, Baldwin Hayes, Josh White, Blind Sonny Terry, Alex Stewart, Bob Carey, Roger Sprung and Eric Darling. Stinson SLPX-5, \$4.98.

Folksay: Volume III and IV. Woody Guthrie, Cisco Houston, Pete Seeger, Leadbelly, Blind Sonny Terry, Josh White and Ernie Lieberman. Stinson SLPX-9, \$4.98.

▲WHEN the urban interest in folk music began to assume the proportions of a movement in the late 30s it had close ties with its country roots. The few performers appearing at union halls, colleges, and on radio were either talented backwoods singers and instrumentalists or city people identified with folk traditions. The day of the professional folk singer, twice removed from the sources of his material, had not yet arrived.

The first group of early singers, Josh White, Cisco Houston, Burl Ives, Pete Seeger and various members of the Lomax family learned their songs from original sources or from contact with each other. Their models were such figures as Leadbelly, "King of the Twelve-String Guitar"; Aunt Molly Jackson, the great Kentucky ballad singer of Harlan County fame; Woody Guthrie, the Oklahoma minstrel and folk poet; Blind Sonny Terry, whose harmonica was both human and super-human; and Lee Hays, the ex-Arkansas lay preacher. Some, like Pete Seeger and the Lomaxes, were serious students of American folklore who had done research in the hinterlands.

With the passing of time the folk music audience expanded. Young people, hitherto fans of pop music used to slick arrangements of Guy Lombardo and the crooning of Bing Crosby, became the new adherents. Folk music, traditionally performed either in intimate surroundings or at native-run local festivals, now entered the entertainment field and became subject to its demands and tastes.

The new urban standards even affected the backwoods artists themselves. In their natural desire to earn a living by their talents, and removed from their kin and environment, their way of singing and playing tended to take on city manner. Traditional solo songs were harmonized and provided with instrumental background. Performances became more polished, rhythms more metrical, singing less individualized and instrumental accompaniments more artful and technically brilliant. These modern

trends were more pronounced in city-bred singers, for they did not feel the restraining hand of tradition upon them. Not all early city singers developed in the same way or departed from country styles to the same degree. A few became completely commercial, while others, notably Pete Seeger, tried to make their repertoires more palatable to the new audience without sacrificing the original folk forms.

These two Stinson releases offer representative selection of the genuine folksingers and the early efforts of the professionals. To bring you up to date, Volume II on SLPX-5 is partially devoted to three newcomers—Bob Carey, Roger Sprung and Eric Darling (now with the Weavers).

The informality of these records is a refreshing contrast to the flood of recent releases featuring brassy accompaniment and machine-like precision. There is a give and take, and a warmth which is rarely found today. (Cleverness, sharpness, slickness abound but human quality—seldom!) For instance, on Volume I, Band 6, Josh White sings a rather jazzy tune which ends with:

I got a quarter, I got a half
I got a pretty girl at last
She brings me coffee, she brings me tea
She don't love nobody but me.

Leadbelly, in the background, clearly comes through with this cynical remark, "Oh that's what you say!"

The mixture of Negro and White, of authentic rural singers with city-bred performers often produces a curious combination of disparate elements. Like oil and water they don't blend. The choral background for Leadbelly's *Midnight Special* on Volume III and Woody's singing to Sonny's harmonica playing on Volume IV are friendly collaborations but hardly integrations of the various styles. Real folk musicians rarely are capable of transcending their own particular culture; they are too profoundly a part of it. Only the sophisticate can do this with ease.

It is gratifying to renew acquaintance with the pioneer performers before they disappear altogether. Woody Guthrie sings on these recordings as I remember him in the 40s. His manner is so simple and uncluttered that the songs seem to sing themselves. *Poor Lazarus* and *Hard Traveling*, from his own Dust Bowl Ballads of the depression years, reveal his fine flair for folk speech, rich in the terse imagery of his locale. Pete Seeger in *Cindy* sounds like early Pete Seeger before he became a virtuoso on the banjo.

Cumberland Mountain Bear Chase is a real *tour de force* on the banjo. Several songs by Cisco Houston show him as he was before the record companies decided to remake him. Cisco is one of the few singers I know who can make a cowboy tune sound really musical. He is also a gifted story-teller. See Volume III for his *Roving Gambler*.

Leadbelly gives a good account of himself (he does better on other releases)—considering the fact that some selections, if not all, were recorded in the last years of his life. I was particularly moved by *I've a Pretty Flower*, sung with Josh White. His gargantuan vitality and his magnificent, ringing voice just dwarf everybody else (except, perhaps, Woody Guthrie). Leadbelly may have occasionally let himself be guided by commercial hucksters but he never surrendered. He was too much a part of his people and culture to be anything but what he was.

Texts and brief comments by Ken Goldstein are provided on the attractive package. I wish the texts had been arranged in the order they appear on the disc. In such important reissues the recording date of each selection should be given.

—H.Y.

•

The Newport Folk Festival, 1960, Volume 1. Presenting Pete Seeger, Oscar Brand, John Lee Hooker, Alan Mills, Jean Carignan, Tom Makem, Bill Lee, Eric Weisberg, Jimmy Driftwood, The New Lost City Ramblers. Vanguard VRS-9084, \$4.98.

The Newport Folk Festival, 1960, Volume 2. Presenting Bob Gibson, Dick Rosmini, Herb Brown, Bob Camp, Cisco Houston, Ed McCurdy, Peggy Seeger, Ewan MacColl, Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs and the Foggy Mountain Boys. Vanguard VRS-9084, \$4.98.

▲HERE is folk music as it sounded in 1960. Present at this festival were twenty-three individual performers and a dozen groups including a 125-voice choir. These two Vanguard releases give us only a partial sampling of the proceedings of this important event. Even such exclusive Vanguard participants as Odetta and the Weavers are not represented. To fill out the picture Elektra has issued one disc and it wouldn't surprise me if other companies follow suit.

The festival, though it included country performers as well as city professionals, was mainly an urban affair. The audience was not interested in the songs or their meaning, but in hearing brilliant, snappy, tailored performances. The singers and instrumentalists, even those dedicated to the field of folk music, used every wile and display of showmanship to satisfy their

customers, often to the detriment of the song's intent. The commercialization of folk music is inevitable, perhaps, in our country where folk culture is a matter of local rather than national pride and where pop standards reign supreme unchecked even in our educational institutions. Since the entertainment business sets the fashion, we can expect within a few years the complete integration of folksingers into the commercial realm. The few dedicated people will have to conform to these standards—as they are beginning to do—if they want a broad audience. Be this as it may, I am of the opinion that a small group of sincere folk music performers should make its presence felt, if only as a counter-balance. While they may have little influence in the commercial world, they can play an important role in the growing amateur activity in colleges and civic organizations.

The performers on these two discs can be roughly divided into three groups: modern pop singers, trained city performers, and folk singers and their imitators. Bob Gibson, Bob Camp and their instrumental combo fall into the first category; Alan Mills and Ed McCurdy, the second; and all the rest in the third. Some of the last-mentioned are traditional singers who have brought their styles up to date—an inevitable, though at times a lamentable change—but others have really acquired a commercial veneer. Jimmy Driftwood (recorded at the 1959 festival) who comes from a musical Ozark family, is full of stage mannerisms but his voice and accent are distinctively of his locale. The Foggy Mountain Boys, Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs (that phenomenal banjo player) from the Blue Grass area are energetic modernizers of old time hoe-down and breakdown tunes. It's a pity that a region so rich in English and Scottish melody should be represented by such poor tunes. A real treat in Volume 1 is the lively fiddling of Jean Carignan from Canada. He must have cut quite a figure on the stage, dancing as he fiddled in the old Gaelic style. No wonder the audience went wild.

One of the most moving performances is given by Ewan MacColl, who has become a minor god in the folk enthusiasts' pantheon. He is a modern bard deeply steeped in Scottish lore. *Lang A-Growing*, a heavenly tune with rich ornamentation sung without accompaniment, is the jewel of Volume 2. Besides singing, MacColl has some pertinent words to say about the current folk song revival in England and the U. S. The story of a mine disaster of 1958, the *Ballad of Springhill*, is sensitively done, with the help of Peggy Seeger, in an arrangement consisting of both unison and part singing and an easy,

gentle banjo backing. In *Willy Moore* Peggy Seeger sings alone but her implacable banjo playing makes it almost impossible to hear the song, sung too harshly as it is.

Pete Seeger's contribution in this year's festival was disappointing. His virtuosity on the banjo is far more remarkable than his singing, even though his voice has country flavor. In *East Virginia* the driving beat of the heavy accompaniment distorts the free metrical flow of the ballad form, traditionally sung without instrumental accompaniment. It sounds like a rallying cry to battle rather than a story in song.

Also of interest is John Lee Hooker (who has appeared previously on Riverside Records) in *Back Water Blues*, the tale of a flood, *Hobo Blues*, and *Maudie*. The long years spent in the commercial blues field show up in his smooth city voice, yet he retains many stylistic features of country blues. He sings quietly with deep emotional impact.

Alan Mills and Ed McCurdy have the kind of rich manly voices city audiences love to hear. They have wonderful stage presence and select sure-fire folk or imitation folk songs. McCurdy does a few amusing parodies on cowboy songs (they were, he says in his introductory remarks, a scurvy lot and unhygienic, and so were the cattle) but in *Hush, Little Baby* he shows some real feeling. Alan Mills sings an accumulative song, *I Know An Old Lady*, which tickles my funnybone although some people might find it too obvious. It's the story of an old lady with a penchant for swallowing animals. She finally meets her end swallowing a horse—of course!

Bob Gibson, Bob Camp, and their team represent the latest look in folk music—loud, brash and immensely popular with the audience. I can't recognize some of the tunes because they have been seriously altered and buried in thick instrumental trappings. By contrast, the New Lost City Ramblers, a young urban team, successfully imitates southern white instrumental and vocal characteristics. Too bad the music is so second-rate.

Although there are a few high spots in these Vanguard releases of the 1960 Newport Festival, they fall below the standard set the previous year. However, they are a significant document of present day trends in folk music. —H.Y.

Richard-Dyer Bennet, Tenor, Accompanying Himself on the Classic Spanish Guitar. Dyer-Bennet Records DYB-9000, \$4.98.

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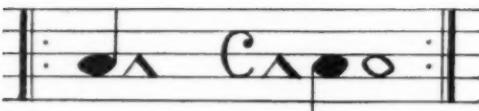
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cert of folk songs including some recorded previously on other labels and some new ones. Dyer-Bennet has been singing folk songs for a long time. His devotion has been steadfast and unwavering, and his approach individual in the extreme. Like John Jacob Niles and Carl Sandburg, he is not a "folknik" nor a member of any other cult. He cannot be swayed by the fashion of the hour. A trained concert singer, he has dedicated himself to singing folksongs for the simplest reason in the world—because he thinks they are beautiful and meaningful music.

While he is urbane and professionally exacting, he has the simplicity of the true folk artist. His dedication is to the song and how he can communicate it—not change it for purely egotistical purposes.

The collection includes such British ballads as the *Laird O' Cockpen* and *The Two Sisters of Binnorie*, some American tunes—*Buffalo Skinners* and *John Riley*—a French and a few German songs. Dyer-Bennet, who writes as easily as he sings, gives the exact source of each song. Even when he discusses the advantages of finger playing over nail playing on the guitar one catches a glimpse of a most delightful human being. I particularly liked the fine photograph on the record jacket showing him playing chess with Rey de la Torre, the guitarist, with his dog Hopper looking on. —H.Y.



A column for collectors
By STEVEN SMOLIAN

MOST of us have been fortunate enough to have attended a concert at the end of which we have exclaimed: "What a marvelous evening! It certainly is a pity it isn't somehow preserved." Such events surpass anything discs have to offer, but they are as memorable for their infrequency as for their musical quality. Phonograph records, carefully chosen, offer a more satisfying average, which is not meant to imply that this average cannot be raised. For as the recording techniques become more complicated the musical values tend to become increasingly neglected. The only true goal of the recording art is to capture as musically satisfying a performance as possible, the importance of sound quality following at a respectful distance. Infinitely more difficult of attainment than an exceptional recording job, a good musical result should not be sacrificed to the exigencies of engineering. The listing of many cold, meaningless catalogue fillers can be ascribed directly to the violation of this cardinal principle.

How is it possible to capture that indefinite essence which breathes a life of its own into the carefully co-ordinated muscular activity of a hundred men? The players are the same people in the concert hall, full or empty, or the studio. What is it, then, that is present at a regular concert and occurs only under concert conditions? The feeling that if things go wrong there can be no "time out", no retake. The knowledge that regardless of whatever problems the music holds, it will be played all the way through, uninterrupted, to the final double bar. The cohesion, or lack thereof among all participating musicians (including the conductor), without interference from the numerous technicians who seem of such vital importance at a recording session. And, most of all, an audience. Perhaps the presence of a group whose function is to absorb provides the element most

lacking in a typical big recording studio.

Musicians seem possessed of two professional personalities: one assumed before the public, the other before the microphone. Most recordings of operas are more static than broadcasts with the same singers. The artists' dramatic involvement has an important effect, particularly on the relationship of one section with the others. This is just as true for non-vocal music. Karl Böhm, in the hall, is hardly the stodgy, ponderous *Kapellmeister* his discs lead one to believe. I have some tapes of Beinum concerts in the Concertgebouw which put many more touted conductors in the shade. Instead of increasing this musical schizophrenia, the record maker should aim at merging the musical personality by eliminating as many of the factors contributing to the split as possible, encouraging the healthy give-and-take of real music-making.

I cannot help feeling the average quality of records, from the musical standpoint, would be considerably increased by the inclusion of a live audience. Longer takes, eliminating the patchwork atmosphere of so many hours spent in the recording studio, would also be of considerable assistance to the ultimate quality of the final results. An uninterrupted performance instills confidence into the performer; constant starting and stopping only destroys it. We have a recent example of this phenomenon in the two releases of Richter's *Pictures at an Exhibition*. The studio job, on Artia 154, is excellent—but in the actual performance recording, on Columbia ML-5600, a rather tame beginning is followed by a superb second half. If you can put up with the coughing and rustling, the musical satisfaction to be gained from the Columbia is infinitely the greater. The series of Carnegie Hall recitals of Bjoerling issued by Victor contain a number of exceptional moments—in his

Amor ti vieta and, most surprising, *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair*. And the great majority of Toscanini's discs were made under controlled concert conditions. Broadcasts are another source of more integrated performances. Who can forget the many fine discs issued by Urania (now cut out) from German radio sources?

One of the most important things about issuing records made at concerts is the great financial saving and the resultant feasibility of many otherwise forbidding projects. All listings so far of Mahler's Eighth Symphony stem from live performances. So did Furtwängler's great recording of the Beethoven Ninth.

There is no question that better sonic results can be obtained in the studio. Perhaps the time has come for the engineers to investigate more thoroughly the problems of capturing this same quality during an actual performance. The only company with a consistently positive approach in this matter seems to be RCA Victor.

I have heard quite a number of off-the-air tapes which contain better performances of the same work than those available on disc. And, as for the relatively poor sound quality, I don't know about you but I stopped listening to sound as such a long time ago.

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*AMERICAN RECORD GUIDE, Feb. 1961



Stereotape Reviews

Peter C. Pfunke / Robert Jones

BEETHOVEN: *Piano Concerto No. 5 in E flat, Op. 73 ("Emperor"); Piano Sonata No. 14 in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"); Piano Sonata No. 8 in C minor, Op. 13 ("Pathétique");* Wilhelm Backhaus (piano); Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, London (Twin-Pak) LCK-80048, \$11.95.

BEETHOVEN: *Piano Concerto No. 1 in C, Op. 15; Piano Concerto No. 2 in B flat, Op. 19;* Wilhelm Backhaus (piano); Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, London (Twin-Pak) LCK-80047, \$11.95. **WITH** the possible exception of the "Emperor" Concerto, which is for me lacking somewhat in the necessary grandeur and fire, these are all glorious performances. Backhaus' age shows only in the maturity of his careful planning and unwavering musicianship. London's stereo sound—both of the piano and of the orchestra—is first-rate throughout. See also pages 422 in the February, 1960; 886 in the July, 1960; and 207 in the November, 1960, issues. —P.C.P.

BRAHMS: *Piano Concerto No. 2 in B Flat, Op. 83;* Sviatoslav Richter (piano); Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, RCA Victor FTC-2055, \$8.95.

HERALDED by more publicity than anything since Van Cliburn's first release, and on disc exhaustively reviewed last January (page 400), Richter's Brahms must certainly be familiar to all piano-philes by now. This is a big, powerful performance, eschewing the kinetic energy of Gilels and stressing the lyricism of the work but still retaining the intensity the piece demands. There are a few oddities: the opening, for instance, is taken at an *adagio* (it is marked *Allegro ma non*

troppo) that is as effective as it is startling. Technical passages are tossed off with awesome ease, but a lyrical quality is achieved that few pianists have even tried for. The tape sound is a great improvement over that of the disc. Balances seem to be improved, for the piano is now closer and the orchestra itself not so distant. Hiss is minimal and the general quality is superb. However, there is an alarming mechanical belch at the beginning of side 2. The tape machines being turned on? —R.J.

CHOPIN: *Piano Concerto No. 1 in E minor, Op. 11;* **MENDELSSOHN:** *Capriccio Brilliant, Op. 22;* Gary Graffman (piano); Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, RCA Victor FTC-2050, \$8.95.

DESIGNED for those who like their Chopin taut and dramatic, with a minimum of languor and a maximum of intensity, as I.K. pointed out on page 557 of the March, 1961, ARG. RCA has now made available the same performance on tape. Lest the opening sentence seem to be a condemnation, I hasten to admit that after hearing Graffman and Munch in Chopin I have succumbed to their way of thinking. Possibly other readers will, too. In any case, it is an unusual approach and a valid one, and RCA has done its considerable best in capturing in on tape. The tape processing is splendid, but surely the editors could have re-done the final chord of the Mendelssohn; it is quite wonderfully out of tune. —R.J.

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 4 in G;* Lisa Della Casa (soprano); Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, RCA Victor FTC-2027, \$8.95.

TREINER'S glowing, vital performance of the Mahler Fourth is reviewed in

great detail in the May, 1960, ARG.

Victor has provided marvelous stereo for a release that can be in every way most highly recommended. —P.C.P.

RACHMANINOFF: *Concerto No. 2 in C minor for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 18*; Philippe Entremont (piano); New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Four Track $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips. Stereo Tape, Columbia MQ 325, \$7.95.

■ IN every way this tape is a stunner. The performance, reviewed here in the December, 1960, issue, is lush, expansive, and thoroughly romantic. Columbia's sound is on the bright side, but big and spacious. —P.C.P.

SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 9 in C ("The Great")*; London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. Four Track $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips. Stereo Tape, London LCL 80043, \$7.95.

■ Krips' performance is primarily one of gloriously impassioned lyricism. There's a continually flowing movement and drive to this reading—especially in the ostinato-rhythmed finale—that I find quite exhilarating. (A rather less enthusiastic view is found on page 735 of the June, 1959, issue of the ARG.) The sound here is some of the best I've heard from London: in short, pretty darn fantastic. Highly recommended. —P.C.P.

VERDI: *"Il Trovatore"*; Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, Rosalind Elias, Giorgio Tozzi; Rome Opera House Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Arturo Basile. Four Track $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips. Stereo Tape, RCA Victor FTC-8000, \$21.95.

■ THERE was a lengthy review of this recording in the October issue. I find myself in close agreement with P.L.M. and would only add that I like Price's Leonora rather more than my colleague. While I admit that the sounds Milanov emitted in the older RCA were more luscious I find Price's dramatic projection far more moving, though not so fine as in her recent Metropolitan performances. I also resent the unnecessary cutting that omits the little duet in the wedding scene and the second verse of *Di quella pira*,



forcing Leonora to stand around without uttering a word while everyone else shouts the house down. Surely a woman of such strength of conviction as Leonora proves to be in Act IV would not be so retiring at the abrupt cancellation of her wedding.

The sound is much the same as P.L.M. describes the disc version: good, but the voices are too much with us. Tape hiss is minimal. I noticed no print-through and practically no crosstalk but distortion is evident on full-voiced high notes. Otherwise the sound quality is the expected improvement over disc. —R.J.

WAGNER: *"Tristan und Isolde"* (excerpts): *Prelude*, *Isolde's Narrative*, *Liebestod*; Birgit Nilsson (Soprano); Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch. Four Track $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips. Stereo Tape, London LOL-90022, \$7.95.

■ NILSSON certainly is no surprise at this late date, but she remains a source of comfort to Wagnerians and admirers of fine singing. The voice is of great range and power and the brilliantly youthful quality does not depart from it whether she is singing *Ungemint den hehrsten Mann* on a low D or *Mir lacht des Abenteuer* on a high B. The recording is deep and resonant, with a slightly distant perspective that is quite lifelike to one who is accustomed to hearing Mme. Nilsson from the dress circle of the Met.

I have reservations about the conducting, which seems to me lacking in thrust and excitement. The tape processing is remarkably good. Hiss is kept to a minimum and crosstalk and print-through are noticeable only by their absence. —R.J.

sweet and swinging

By FRED REYNOLDS

SEVERAL years ago it was impossible to look at a list of best-selling pop albums without finding several items by the ebullient Jackie Gleason. Today it's a different story. There isn't a Gleason bundle in the top hundred, and that's a shame, for the Gleason albums of today are a much better batch than those of yesteryear. Several months ago I raved about Jackie's "Lazy, Lively Love", and this month I'd like to point with enthusiasm to his newest, **The Gentle Touch** (Capitol SW-1519). Instead of the all too familiar, too saccharine sound of strings and Bobby Hackett's trumpet, this album offers warm, mellowly swinging tunes by two solo trumpets, rhythm, and a superb blend of flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and a muted, distant trumpet section. On the stereodisc there is a wonderfully "live" spread of sound, highlighted by the exciting back-and-forth exchange of phrases between the two featured trumpets, and the cleverly varied right-left interplay of the two woodwind orchestras. As for songs, Gleason has again shown extreme good taste, having chosen *Cheatin' on Me*, *Looking for a Boy*, *Will You Still Be Mine*, *Until the Real Thing Comes Along*, *By Myself*, *Moonglow*, *I Went Out of My Way*, *I Remember It Well*, *How High the Moon*, *I Don't Want To Cry Anymore*, *Oh! Look At Me Now*, and *Everybody Loves My Baby*. If you are one of the many who likes first-rate popular music played exceptionally well, swung easily and with a distinct touch of tasty jazz, then by all means buy "The Gentle Touch" and "Lazy, Lively Love".

Rochester's Frederick Fennell journeyed to New York City, where he put together as fine a group of studio musicians as is possible, secured orchestrations by Ray Wright, the chief arranger for musical productions at Radio City Music Hall, and proceeded to cut a truly excellent album of George Gershwin favorites (Mercury PPS-6006). **Frederick Fennell Conducts Gershwin** embraces *I Got Rhythm*, *Love Is Sweeping the Country*, *Love Walked In*, *'S Wonderful*, *Bidin' My Time*, *Oh Lady Be Good*, *Liza, Fascinatin' Rhythm*, *Embraceable You*, *The Man I Love*, *Someone To Watch Over Me*, and

But Not for Me. These, as you know, are splendid songs, each and every one of them, and so often have they been jammed, faked, Mickey-Moused, crooned, modernized, and belted out of shape that it is indeed a pleasure to listen to this beautifully recorded, skillfully played, lovingly, melodically and imaginatively arranged and conducted album. The record, like the songs themselves, has class and endurance about it.

I just had the misfortune of listening to something or other titled, **Bobby Vinton, a Young Man with a Big Band, Plays for His Li'l Darlin's** (Epic LN-3780). The tunes are generally terrible, the playing is sloppy and stridently rock-n-roll, and the sound is mediocre.

As you might imagine, Pee Wee Hunt's **A Hunting We Will Go** (Capitol ST-1523) is a great barrel of fun. It is, however, not for the serious lover of Dixieland jazz, for the former Casa Loma sideman and vocalist has always been one to play his "jazz" on the square and melodic side. Not that this matters very much if you take Pee Wee for what he is trying to do—and that is to entertain, to swing out his fare in a tuneful, jazzy, and danceable manner. I'm very glad that he sings three or four of the songs in this album, for Hunt has ever had a happy way with a vocal. Despite the impression given by the title, the songs in "A Hunting We Will Go" have nothing whatsoever to do with foxes and hounds. Instead they are just plain, good, old-fashioned American standards like *Indiana*, *Jealous*, *Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet*, *The One I Love*, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *How Come You Do Me Like You Do*, and *Muskat Ramble*.

Martin Denny's excursions into exotica have become so familiar as to make it unnecessary to recount the various attributes of each new effort. Suffice it to say that his latest, **Exotic Percussion** (Liberty LST-7168), is a mating of East and West, whereby such western songs as *Moonlight and Shadows*, *The Girl Friend of the Whirling Dervish*, *Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise*, *Moonlight on the Ganges*, *Cherokee*, and *Song of the Bayou* are colorfully performed by Denny's group, using

such instruments as tuned Burmese gongs, magna harp, ipo, boo bams, and a samisen.

Turning to ping-pong records, as we unfortunately must every month, there's a new one by Enoch Light and His Orchestra—**Far Away Places** (Command RS-822-SD). In case there is any doubt in your mind, this album musically hops us around to places like Sumatra, Bali Ha'i, Calcutta, Glocca Morra, Paris, Vienna, and Kaunakakai. Despite the obvious opportunities, Lew Davies' orchestrations are surprisingly unimaginative and colorless. Each piece seems to start off with a bingity-bang on the right, and then a similar bingity-bang on the left. There's a sextet that goes "la la" and "do do dee do", and there are drums galore. Needless to say, Command's recording technique is faultless. In particular, superb things are done in translating to disc the delicate tones of the harpsichord.

A couple of other new sound spectacular packages are **Exciting Sounds** by the Clebanoff Strings and Percussion (Mercury PPS-6012) and **The Magic Beat** by Richard Marino and His Orchestra (Liberty LSS-14003). The former left me rather cold. I have the feeling that this is so because I must have listened to as many of this kind of record as almost anyone in the world, and unless something stands out the disc simply sinks into a well-grooved pattern. Clebanoff and his people are quite ordinary. On the other hand, I was pleasantly surprised by Marino's recording. Here the rhythm definitely serves as a purpose in the production of each of the numbers. The beat is primary, and yet it enhances rather than detracts from the melody. Marino has chosen his numbers shrewdly, picking on a wide variety of songs which have long been famous more for rhythm than for melody. Thus the rhythm attack is natural rather than forced. But at the same time the whole thing has a melodiousness about it that makes the work pleasant to listen to. In particular, I enjoyed *Fever*, *High Noon*, *Colonel Bogey*, *The Trolley Song*, and *Poor People of Paris*.

Sometimes it amazes me what I find myself enjoying. I was fully prepared to hate **Spectacular Voices with Banjos** by Art Mooney and His "Everybody Join In" Orchestra and Chorus (M-G-M E-3899), and suddenly discovered myself whistling a happy tune. Because this is a happy album, a very corny happy album to be sure, but nevertheless glad enough and rollicking enough to make the corn palatable. Among the tunes that Mooney sings and plucks are *Charley My Boy*,

Heartaches, *Who's Your Little Who-Zis*, *I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover*, *'Til Tomorrow*, and *I Ain't Down Yet*.

The rest of the albums sent to me for review this month are, I'm afraid, little more than trash. For instance, there's Floyd Cramer's **On the Rebound** (RCA Victor LPM-2359). Cramer, a pianist who records in Nashville, has become very popular with the teen-age set, and his single of *On the Rebound* hit high on the best-seller chart, but taken over the length of a long-play recording this boy does not fall into the Erroll Garner class. There is also **Are You Lonesome Tonight?** with Jack Elliot, His Piano, and Orchestra (Kapp KL-1235). Among the songs that this fellow chooses to record is *Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini*, and that should be indication enough of how it goes with "Are You Lonesome Tonight?". And finally there is **The Magnificent XII** by the Fantastic Strings of Felix Slatkin (Liberty LSS-14004). Unfortunately, Slatkin decided to underscore this semi-interesting collection of motion picture favorites—*Unchained Melody*, *My Own True Love*, *Theme from the Sundowners*, *Laura*, *Never on Sunday*, *Where Is Your Heart*, etc.—with a half-hearted rock beat, and it just doesn't fit...

Stymied by Stereo?

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THE MONTH'S JAZZ

Martin Williams / Mait Edey / Don Heckman / Robert Levin / Joe Goldberg

Yes Indeed! *Claude Hopkins*. Prestige
Swingville 2009, \$4.98.

▲THE Prestige company has recently been paying more (and commendable, whatever the motive) attention to swing or mainstream musicians, and has even begun a subsidiary label of sorts, called Swingville, to handle an increasing number of releases by players of that generation. One of the best so far is this album with a quintet led by Claude Hopkins, a pianist and once-successful bandleader, and featuring two of the finest soloists of the swing era who are still active, tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate and trumpeter Emmett Berry. Wendell Marshall and Osie Johnson are on bass and drums.

Tate was originally a Texan, and one of the powerful tenors of the southwest who followed Coleman Hawkins, at least in sound, if not in harmonic daring and complexity of line. His lines are short and conventional, but he is a master of an art apparently lost to the hard bop tenor players: the art of instrumental tone. His tone is magnificent in itself, but the real point is that he uses it; it is soft or strong at need, bursting or tender, and full of fine wailing smears. Berry sounds like a cleaner Harry Edison, and like Edison, and like greater trumpeters such as Red Allen and Dizzy Gillespie, he is an accomplished rhythmic player. That is, he gets his notes in the right place at exactly the right time. His solo on *What Is This Thing Called Love* is absolute perfection in this respect. He is better off on fast tunes than slow ones, where melodic imagination counts for more and precise rhythmic discriminations for less. Hopkins himself, on solos, is a pastiche of old swing figures and phrases from Count Basie with the time wrong, but his accompaniment is functional and unobtrusive.

—M.E.

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Otis Spann Is the Blues. Candid
CJM-8001, \$4.98.

▲THE basic lowdown blues is a music in which structure in the large sense is at a special minimum; the momentary sound is everything. Otis Spann is one of the best blues singers I have ever heard. His voice is at once powerful and unbearably

delicate, and passes through infinitely fine gradations of pitch and timbre. When he ends a phrase with a certain characteristic husky vibrato, it's enough to shake you apart, and at that moment you don't care what preceded or what will follow. He may remind some listeners of Ray Charles (particularly in the way he shades pitch and breaks his voice), but he is not an imitator. Unfortunately, he sings on only four of the ten tracks on his first album. Four others are sung by Robert Lockwood, Jr., and two are Spann piano solos. All vocals are accompanied by Spann's piano and Lockwood's guitar. Lockwood is a good singer, a harsher, simpler singer than Spann, and rather frivolous in comparison. Both guitar and piano are functionally traditional, relying on repeated familiar boogie-woogie patterns and endless triplets. Spann's piano solos don't amount to much. But for Spann's singing the album is indispensable.

—M.E.

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Horace Silver: *Finger Poppin'*. Blue
Note 4008, \$4.98.

Horace Silver: *Blowin' the Blues Away*.
Blue Note 4017, \$4.98.

▲THESE two LPs represent a real peak for Silver; they show him perfecting most of the things he has attempted in the past, and even turning some of his faults into virtues. Of course, they come at a moment when the style he is supposed to have started is being widely popularized, but I doubt if Silver's work owes as much to gospel music as they have been saying it does. What he has attempted is a synthesis of swing music and modern jazz, and here a line like *Mellow D's* (on 4017) brings it off so well as to create a new style. The real *tours de force*, however, are *Cookin' at the Continental* (in 4008) and *Sister Sadie* (in 4017). Each is built of a brief fragment of melody left over from the thirties, each is scored so that the quintet actually sounds like the alternating say and brass of a swing band (no, I don't know why he did it, but the results are amazing), and each is sustained with an energy and motion seldom caught in a recording studio. On both *Blowin' the Blues* and *Sister Sadie*, Silver

drops his sometimes choppy and rumbling accompaniments for propelling riff figures from thirties-style reed and brass backgrounds. Perhaps even more interesting are Silver's own solos on *St. Vitus Dance* (in 4008) and *Sweet Stuff* (in 4017). The former is taken at medium tempo and is beautifully sustained, in no way falling into the choppy, isolated-phrase-off-each-chord manner of earlier work. *Sweet Stuff* is fragmented but the compelling cumulative effect is of an incantation. Granting such achievements, there seems little use in pointing to the less successful tracks in the wisely varied programs on these two LPs. It will be interesting indeed to see what Silver's commendable craftsmanship will come up with from now on. —M.W.

Cal Tjader. *West Side Story*. Fantasy 3310, \$3.98.

▲VIBRAPHONIST Tjader and a twenty-seven piece studio orchestra have the material going for them—it is difficult to conceive of this score as uninteresting in anyone's hands—but the arrangements (by Clare Fischer) have little more than a professional competence to recommend them and the few brief solo efforts are without particular distinction. —R.L.

This Is the Blues, Volume 1. Pacific Jazz Records PJ-13, \$4.98.

▲THERE are a few, very few, lovely moments in this grab-bag of what seem to be remainders from at least six sessions. Tenor saxophonist Harold Land and guitarist Jim Hall both appear on one track, to its immense advantage. The others (all are interminable blues at medium or medium-fast tempos) are mostly funky formulae and routine hollering. The long list of West Coast musicians (not the West Coast of Gerry Mulligan, Shorty Rogers, Bud Shank, and so on, but of the Los Angeles Negro musicians who until recently formed a more vital underground) includes Les McCann, Herbie Lewis, Ron Jefferson, Leroy Vinnegar, Curtis Amy, Bobby Hutcherson, Teddy Edwards, Gerald Wilson, Hampton Hawes, and a number of less well known players. Most if not all of them can do better than they do here. —M.E.

Eric Dolphy: Outward Bound. New Jazz NJLP-8236, \$4.98.

▲THE quiet rebellion now taking place beneath the soul blanket has received a firm impetus from the emergence of several important new voices. One of the most significant of these is Eric Dolphy. Inevitably he will be measured against Ornette Coleman, if only because of the chronological circumstances of their arrival

on the scene. There is a stronger justification for the comparison, however: Dolphy often incorporates into his solos certain techniques that have been identified with Coleman.

The use of extra-harmonic and extra-rhythmic elements in Coleman's music serves a specific interpretative function. As a part of the personal drama that takes place when he confronts his music, they reflect a spontaneous act of creation. As with an action painter, the record that remains (either on canvas or electronic tape) is the evidence of the confrontation that has taken place. The use of such magical tools obviously requires a deep emotional commitment.

Dolphy has not, as yet, opened such areas of personal expression and therein lies the inconsistency in his use of the superficial elements of Coleman's craft. Fortunately he does not lack for other means; his ability to play any musical idea that comes to mind, completely exclusive of any technical or stylistic limitations, is unrivaled. Listen to the remarkable control he exercises over the bass clarinet on *Green Dolphin Street* and the well-articulated flute solo on *Glad To Be Unhappy*.

But his alto sax playing gives the clearest indication that Dolphy has arrived. The imbalance existing in his music will be alleviated once he discovers the correct proportions of heart and intellect. As a young, increasingly creative musician, Dolphy's future looks bright. —D.H.

Cannonball Adderley: Them Dirty Blues. Riverside RLP-12-322, \$4.98.

▲THIS, of course, is the band that all the noise is about, the one that made the phenomenally successful *This Here*. Pianist Bobby Timmons, the composer of that song, has since been replaced by Barry Harris, but is present for three of these seven performances. And puzzling performances they are. *Work Song* and *Dat Dere* are, as the title of the latter indicates, attempts to bring off a sequel to *This Here* (on *Dat Dere*, Timmons gives specific notice of just how deeply enmeshed in gospel he is by quoting *Go Down Moses* in his solo). *Jeannine*, in conception, execution, and most particularly Nat Adderley's solo, is what Miles Davis did better on his "Kind of Blue" LP. *Easy Living* and the title piece are pastiches of Charlie Parker performances like *Embraceable You* and *Parker's Mood*, *Them Dirty Blues* being so shockingly direct that it might even fool one of Leonard Feather's "Blindfold Test" subjects. It is all wonderfully done, for these are very talented musicians, but I can't help wondering what the point of it is. —J.G.

BOOK REVIEWS

A sampling of the season's jazz books

THE REAL JAZZ, by Hugues Panassié.
A. S. Barnes and Co., Inc., \$4.95.

THIS is the new revised edition of a famous book, and the author states in the foreword that this edition "is the first one I feel entirely responsible for". Having read the book, I find myself in such fundamental difference with it that to attempt any extended review would either be needlessly destructive, or else involve what would have to amount to a new book of my own. I feel as little qualified for the latter task as I find M. Panassié equal to his. One brief quotation, which I make even shorter only for reasons of space, and not to distort the author's viewpoint, should suffice to explain: "This is the point I have always wanted to make clear: progressive men might be fine musicians of their kind, but they are certainly not jazzmen... (Parker, unlike his disciples, had roots in jazz.)" The book is a good one for the periods of jazz that the author recognizes, although the reader might be put off by the listing of Negro and white musicians in separate categories. And when listing these men, he names so many names I have never heard that I wonder where he, with his limited opportunities to hear jazz, either live or recorded, gets his information.

—J.G.

THE COUNTRY BLUES, by Samuel B. Charters. Rinehart & Co., \$4.95.

TO QUOTE the author in his introduction: "It is difficult writing the first extended study of any subject." But recognizing that difficulty, he should have depended less on anecdotal trivia, and more on the vast amount of information which has yet to be collated, and could be without lapsing into doctoral dissertation prose. I recommend instead a wonderful article by Whitney Balliett called "The Best Medicine", which appeared in

The New Yorker some time back, and was reprinted in his book, *The Sound of Surprise*. There is no need to outline the subject matter of the present volume, since the title does that admirably. —J.G.

THE JAZZ TITANS, by Robert George Reisner. Doubleday and Co., paper \$1.50.

IT IS difficult to think of who might find this book valuable or useful. It is a series of what the jacket calls "short biographical notes and selective discographies", but the biographies are mainly collections of anecdotes giving no real information, and the things they do reveal presuppose too much knowledge of the musicians to be of any use to the uninitiated fan who might be expected to be interested in something of this nature. The discographies omit, almost without exception, the one or two records on which the reputation of the musician under discussion is most solidly based. And, since the people herein called titans are referred to as composer-performers, how does Frank Sinatra merit inclusion? There is a section in the back called "The Parlance of Hip", which is adequate, and also a selection of magazine articles at the end of each biography. This last is the one valuable part of the book. Since Reisner is a professional librarian, that comes as no surprise. A whole raft of quotations could be extracted to support the above remarks, but never mind. —J.G.

JAZZ, by André Francis; translated and revised by Martin Williams. Grove Press, paper, \$1.35.

THIS book is apparently intended as an introduction to the field, and as such is very good. Slightly more than half the book covers quickly, historically, and through indicated recordings, the developments leading up to what the

author calls "bop" and "cool", to which he gives extended discussion, musician by musician. In general, the evaluations are quite good, except when the author is forced to fall back on the mysticism which French intellectuals seem to reserve for jazz. Two examples will suffice: "Thelonious Monk has violated tradition and wrung the neck of eloquence." And of Miles Davis: "It is not as a technician that he must be judged, but—dare we say it?—as a poet."

The system of italics used is quite confusing, being used for the names of some musicians, seemingly at random, in lists. Since Martin Williams is credited as having "translated and revised" the book, perhaps the choices in italics are his. The book contains, as perhaps its greatest asset, several wonderful photographs, which are often, unfortunately, poorly reproduced, and one complete gem, Jelly Roll Morton's visiting card, on page 39, which really has to be seen to be believed.

—J.G.

•

The Sound of Surprise, by Whitney Balliett. Dutton, 237 pages, \$3.75.

BALLIETT'S book has already been attacked by Max Harrison, one of the best of the jazz writers, and defended by its author. Both attack and defense,

equally high-handed and lacking of explanation, are to be found in the pages of *The Jazz Review*. The little I have left to say is about Balliett's style, which is, after long dosages, perniciously infiltrating.

All but two of these pieces appeared in *The New Yorker*, and are a record of concerts and records in the years 1957-1959. Balliett tells you who was there, what they looked like, what they wore, and, going further, records what he calls, quite accurately, his "impulses about the music". These impulses, in which Mr. Balliett seems to be attempting to replace the music with words, lean quite heavily on an extremely personal system of metaphor and adjective, involving such private symbolism at the expense of the music presumably discussed as peanut butter sandwiches and inverted fishhooks, and can scarcely hope to evoke the same reaction in the reader as they did in the poet. However, in the manner of a basketball player practicing foul shots all afternoon, he is bound to make a few perfect throws that do not even touch the rim, and these deserve to be reprinted in an eight-page pamphlet, selling for perhaps 25 cents, so that they would then fit more compactly into the small pile of irrefutably accurate insights that all writers on jazz, Balliett included, borrow from one another. —J.G.

Other books received for review

20TH-CENTURY MUSIC IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE ("The Collector's Series), by Arthur Cohn. Lippincott/Keystone Paperback KB-23, \$1.95; hard-cover edition, \$3.75.

JAZZ, edited by Nat Hentoff and Albert McCarthy. Evergreen Paperback E-277, Grove Press, \$2.95.

OPERA ORIGINS AND SIDELIGHTS, by Ruth Berges. Thomas Yoseloff, \$5.95.

CHORD DICTIONARY FOR ALL KEYBOARD INSTRUMENTS, by Kenneth Lisbon. Kenyon Publications (Suite 611, 1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.), \$1.50.

MUSIC DICTIONARY. (Vest-Pocket Library.) Ottenheimer Publishers, Inc.

(4805 Nelson Avenue, Baltimore 15, Maryland), \$1.

BACKGROUNDS IN HARMONY: A Textbook and Work Book in Elementary Harmony, by Maurice C. Whitney. G. Schirmer (Paperback), \$2.50.

RECORDS OF SWISS COMPOSERS (a discography). Swiss Music Library, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Free.

RENATA TEBALDI: The Woman and the Diva, by Victor Seroff. Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$4.

GREAT BALLERINAS OF TO-DAY (Dancers of To-Day, No. 15), by Cyril Swinson. London: Adam & Charles Black, 7s., 6d.; distributed in the United States by Macmillan, \$1.50.

Unlikely Corners

WHY NOT LOOK below the surface occasionally and find out what it is in the direct appeal of the popular tune which makes the audience go home whistling; to see if there is not some artistic impulse hidden in unlikely corners. . .

—Ralph Vaughan Williams

FOR DAYS now I've been trying to come up with the answer to that persistent question: What's wrong with the record industry? Setting aside the obvious answers—the preoccupation with sound gimmickry, the unimaginativeness and the apparent lack of intelligence—about the only possibility that comes to my tired mind is haphazard pointlessness.

You can blame this on honest greed; the record companies, even the most enlightened ones, are there to make money. That seems to be the major philosophy behind the issuance of records, and I suppose it best explains the preponderance of meaningless releases. It seems to me that there is an appalling lack of a sense of responsibility on the part of the record companies. Very few records are released that are intended to remain accessible beyond the point that sales are better than good. There is a pandering to what is considered to be the public taste, generally referred to in the trade as the "changing market". Follow the trend, flood the market, so that even your mistakes are covered up by your few lucky strikes—that's the ticket.

When a thing looks good, drain it dry. I wonder what happens when that ugly beast, The Public, decides it no longer wants all those albums with colorful dots and squares on the cover and the same old scrapers and bangers coming from both corners of the living room. (You will have noted by now, no doubt, that the current popularity of a certain kind of album has compounded the confusion. Not only are several record companies issuing the same selections in the same arrangements, but they all use the same album covers. And, I might add, the same stupid liner notes. The pointlessness is cloaked in a technical mumbo-jumbo which is an affront to the intelligence of an amoeba.)

You cannot blame a businessman for

wanting to stay in business. And if this sort of thing is the thing you buy, then it is the sort of thing you deserve. Your record collection belongs right on the shelf with your complete file of "Space Love Comics". You are a dope, you have been had—and you deserve it. When you trot out your collection of "hi-fi" (and stereo) sounds—a train in your living room, or a cannon, a creaking bedspring—for your similarly oriented dissociated-sound lovers, you are making your small contribution to the livelihood of some cynical money-maker (who is a hell of a lot smarter than you are) and too, you are one of the leaders of the New Movement: Back to the Stone Age via The Latest Improvement.

I hasten to say that when I use "you", I don't *really* mean YOU, I mean the nut next door, who listens to records but doesn't hear any music. Not you at all.

The purpose behind the making of popular records is of course to capitalize on a current rage. To some degree it is the same for classical records. But at least there are certain compensations that make all the *Nutcrackers*, the Beethoven and Tchaikovsky Fifths, etc., bearable. I'm thinking, for example, of Angel's Great Recordings, of Mercury's and Vanguard's American music series, of Columbia's adventures into contemporary music, of the Deutsche Grammophon Archive series; and there are others.

There is no equivalent in the popular field. American popular music, especially since the Twenties, has spawned some fine songs, most of which are ignored because they were not popular then and are forgotten now. How often has some moron dismissed a musical gem with the simplest criticism of all: "Never heard of it." Suggest an idea to a record company and some executive will tell you: "Yes, it is a good idea, but it wouldn't sell." You then look over the month's releases and

wonder how anyone could have thought they would sell. But evidently they do. They're right and you're wrong; the same steady stream issues from the factory.

New Broadway scores are recorded willy-nilly. But scores by Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, Vincent Youmans, and the Gershwins languish unheard because they are not current. Some of the best of our popular music remains buried in libraries. The next time Victor issues an Elvis Presley album, why not issue simultaneously an album (not sung by Presley!) of songs by Francis Hopkinson? Or some music by William Billings? These were great contributors to our heritage. Certainly the profits from an Elvis record would easily offset the lack of profit from such a truly valuable release.

Criticizing a bad record is simple; like most of television and half the movies, a bad record is a sitting duck for an arch *New Yorker*-ish, devastating, too-too clever critique. (And no matter how brilliant the writing, no matter how crushing the critique—it never loses the taint of the college magazine writing. The writing comes right out of Fowler, by way of the current reigning wit; the thinking is shallow for all its allusive depth). At least it's not so morbid as most of today's jazz criticism.

Well, I have used up my space frothing and fuming, and to what avail? Will anyone issue a five-record set devoted to the songs of Jerome Kern? No.

Not buying certain records proves everything, for it hits where it hurts.

As to this month's releases, permit me in the interests of succinctness to rate them in descending order of worth-whileness.

Really worth-while: **Broadway's Best** (Columbia B-2WS-1): excerpts from the fine Columbia catalogue of original-cast and revival show albums. More of an index and guide than a rounded survey, but inexpensive, handsomely produced, and a good introduction to the show album genre. **Dressed to the Nines** (M-G-M E 39140 C). One of those witty youthful night-club revues. Sometimes a little precious, but often funny and at times tuneful.

Still worth-while is **Voices of Hope** (Capitol® ST-1526) in which the choir of the same name presents a moving, often fervent, concert of religious song. Listen particularly to *Jesus* and for the voice of Ona Mae Ryan. Not popular music, not folk, but elements of both.

The next category: I don't question their release but I have reservations about them. **All The Way** (Capitol® SW-1538) by Frank Sinatra. The mixture as before: fine singing, not always fine songs. **June**

Christy—Off Beat (Capitol® ST-1498). Good songs, though sometimes treated cavalierly; some lovely arr. and orch. by Pete Rugolo. **Aretha** (Columbia CL-1612) is Aretha Franklin, a new vocalist. Singing in a bluesy style, Miss Franklin appears to have a future—if she is not spoiled by mannerisms. She is excellent in this album.

The next group, in my estimation, are all right, but if they had never been released the world would still continue to spin. **The Touch of Your Lips** (Capitol® SW-1574). I have never been able to appreciate Nat King Cole's mannered singing, though I must admit he often projects a song with great sensitivity. **Connie Francis at the Copa** (M-G-M E-3913). Miss Francis has an earthy voice of great power and a fine mike presence. This is actually quite a good record, marred a little by the customers at the Copa and a rather maudlin Jolson medley. **Send For Me** (Liberty 7171) is another Julie London album, which presents her earthy whisper in a rough-and-ready blues vein. The title of the album refers to the offer on a band around the album. You fill in the coupon and they will send you Miss London, so to speak. In the form of a heavily illustrated booklet. I have another suggestion, but this magazine must go through the mails. **Up in the Air** (Elektra 198) assembles songs that have to do with flying engagingly sung by Oscar Brand. The humor is a little grisly and "inside" (it is no doubt best appreciated by a dead pilot).

The next records are in the Ho-Hum Division. There is some fool who said he climbed mountains because they were there. I mention these records because they are here: **The Sound of Music** (Kapp KL-1175). Nice, reasonably uncluttered choral renditions by the Pete King chorus of the songs from the R & H musical. The major point of this album was its release, I think, before the show even opened. But now the cast album is available, so? And a reissue tied in with the centenary (according to the album cover) of **Gone With The Wind** (Warner Brothers 1322). I think they mean the Civil War, not the picture. Anyway here is the old Max Steiner score again, if you need it. Also here is **More Music From Ben Hur** (M-G-M E-3900), composed by Miklós Rózsa. There is no doubt that this music is effective and stirring and that Rózsa is not afraid of thinking big (there is even a "Christ theme"), but to what real musical end? (Yours is not to reason why, yours is but to do and buy).

There are more new albums; they shall remain nameless. —E.J.

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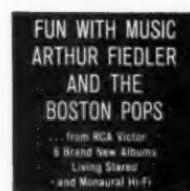


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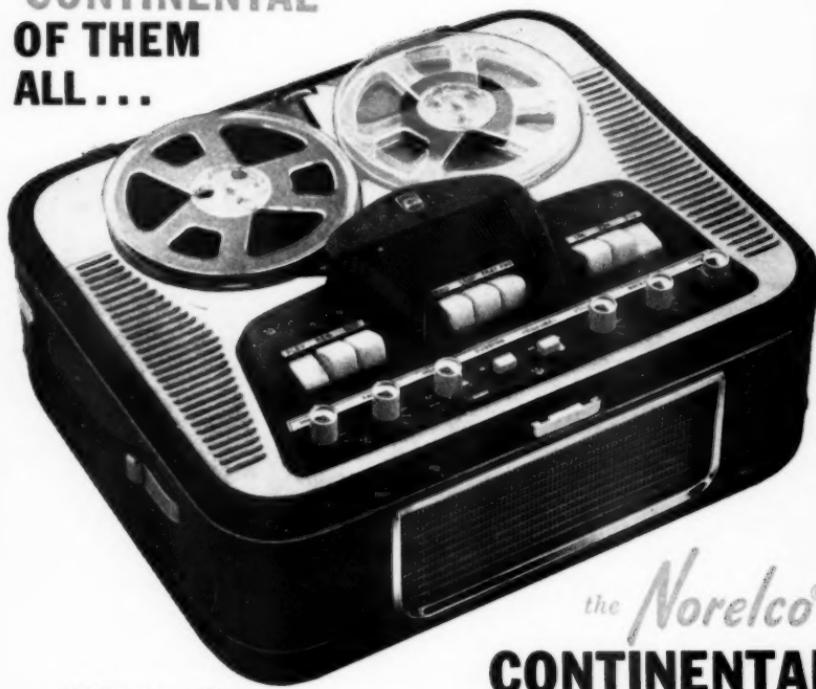
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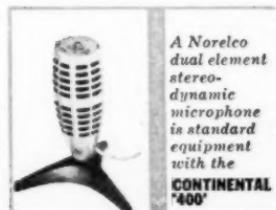
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